THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dı 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 51 *Philadelphia, June 22, 1901* Five Cents the Copy

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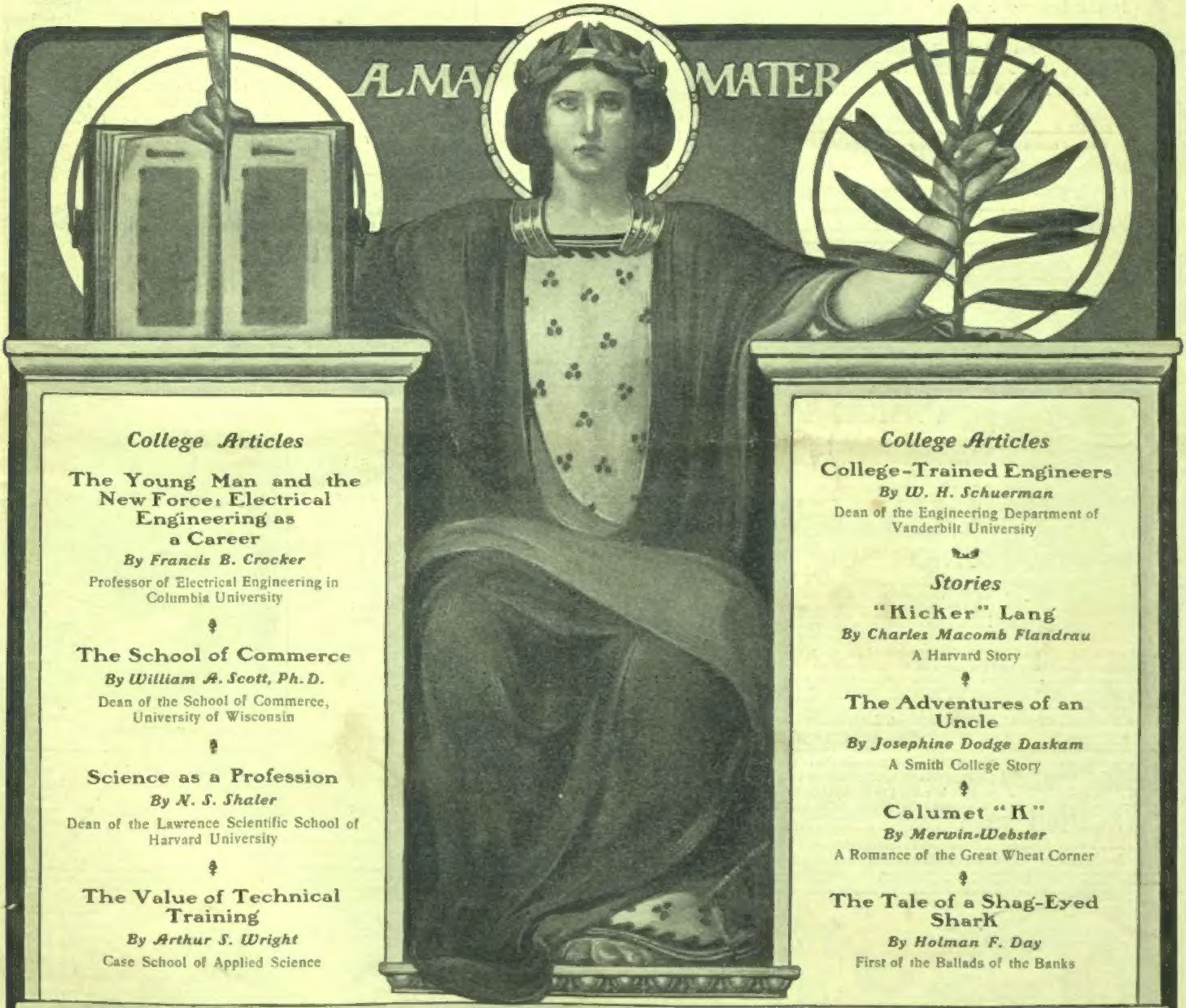
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter



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The COLLEGE MAN'S NUMBER

FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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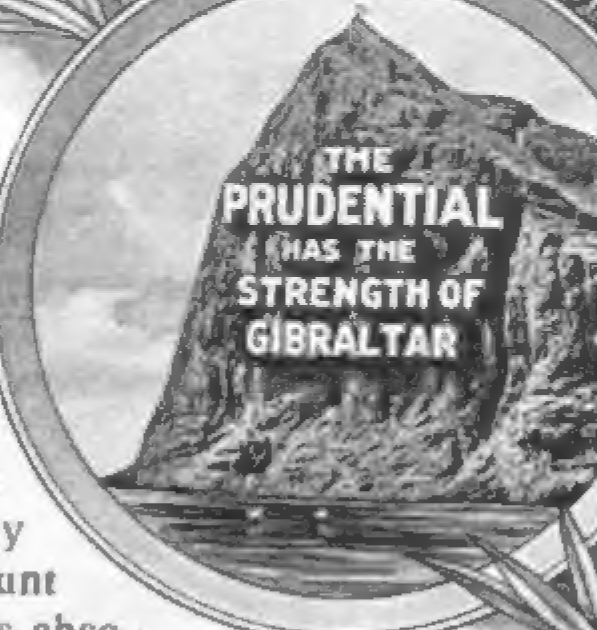

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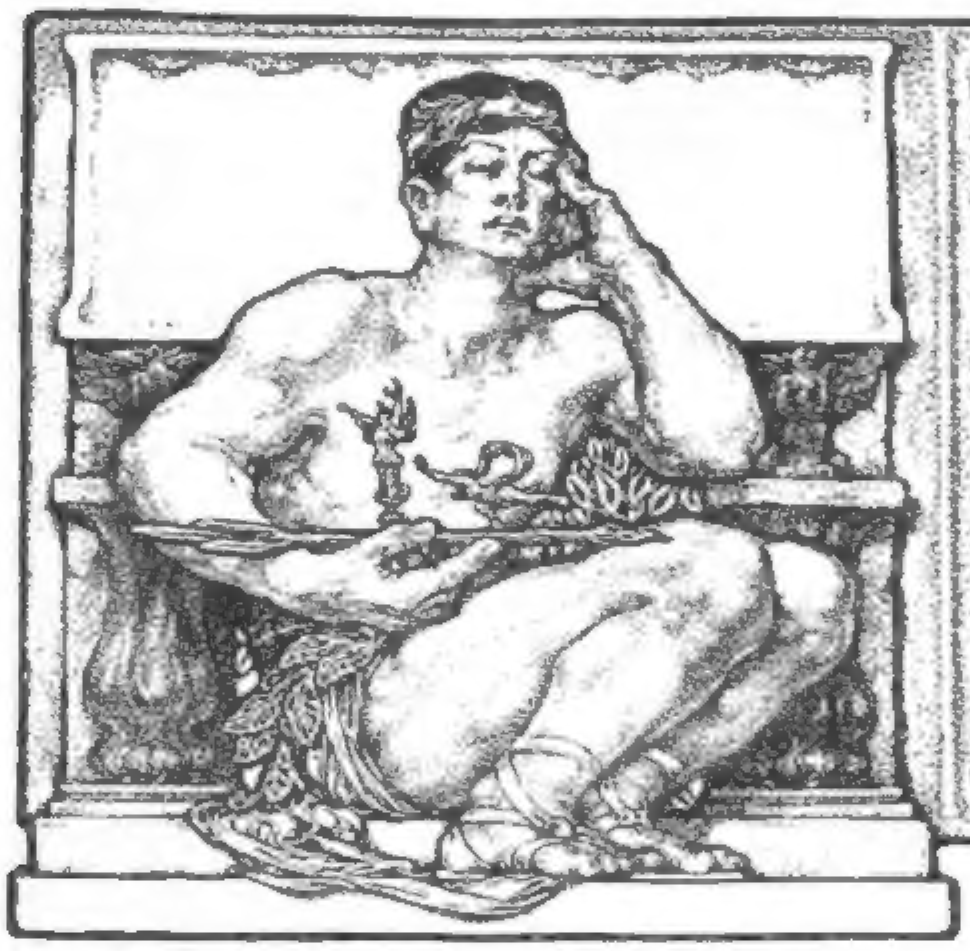


The Young Man and the New Force

By Francis B. Crocker

Professor of Electrical Engineering in Columbia University

Electrical Engineering as a Career

IN CONSIDERING the opportunities for young men in the electrical profession, it is almost impossible to get uniform opinions. There is a tendency either to underestimate or to overestimate.

The remarkable results that have already been obtained and the very rapid advance of electrical science and its applications have naturally made a great impression upon the public mind, and many young men have been attracted to the business, or have been advised by their friends to take it up. The consequence is that a large number of persons have entered the field without any special preparation or talent for it, their only reason being its attractiveness and the notion that it is easier to make money in this line of work than in any other. This has been carried so far that some prominent engineers, as well as teachers of electrical engineering, have stated that the profession is already overcrowded, and on that account they often advise young men not to enter it.

In my opinion, no such condition really exists. An appearance of overcrowding is undoubtedly produced by the presence of men who have been drawn into the pursuit by mere whim or the desire to make money with the least work. Such men naturally fail, and their failure produces a misleading effect as to the true conditions in the profession. Men well prepared, or possessing talent for electrical work, have gone ahead very rapidly. This is proven by the fact that the principal officers and engineers of the large as well as the small electrical companies are all young men who have advanced to their present responsible positions in a comparatively few years.

The Quick Success of Engineers

I have personally followed the careers of several hundred men who have entered the field, and am convinced that in most instances they have gone ahead more rapidly than would have been possible in any other line of human effort. Where the men possessed exceptional ability, their advance has been very much more rapid than that likely to occur in any other pursuit.

There are probably two reasons for this. In the first place, the business is so new and has expanded so enormously that opportunities for promotion have been created almost more rapidly than they could be filled. Thus many men have actually been forced ahead by circumstances. The other reason is the fact that electricity is a peculiar subject. In its pursuit general intelligence or knowledge is not sufficient for pronounced success. A man possessing special taste for it soon differentiates himself from the others working alongside who may not be endowed with the same advantages. Such a man will forge ahead of his fellows at a rate that is absolutely impossible in any other calling in the world.

The successful electrical engineer has more than mere ability. He is gifted with special talent, like the successful artist or the musician. Electricity is to my mind the only mechanical pursuit that has "soul." The successful electrician is born. Many of the qualities that are his are intangible, just as the fine musician's qualities are.

But there must also be tangible qualities, certain fixed mental traits. He must have great mental alertness; the ability to think quickly, to grasp a given situation at once. He must be of an analytical turn of mind—that is, able to reason from cause to effect, or vice versa. In electricity one thing follows from another with absolute certainty. For example, it is possible to calculate within a fraction of a per cent., before an electrical machine is built, exactly what it will do. This is impossible in any other branch of mechanics.

Limits to Electrical Knowledge

The idea, so common, that electricity is vague and not capable of being definitely controlled arises from the fact that we do not know "what electricity is." But, in point of fact, we know as much of the ultimate nature of electricity as we do of gravitation or heat. Up to the present time none of the fundamental facts of Nature are known. For example, the physicist or chemist does not know the real nature of matter. In this respect, electricity is not ahead of or behind other branches of human knowledge. In fact, it may be said that we are nearer to an understanding of what electricity is than we are to an understanding of what gravitation is, because the electrician has mental pictures and conceptions of what might be called the mechanism by which electricity is transmitted, but there are no such pictures or conceptions regarding gravitation. Gravitation is the most familiar of natural phenomena, yet we have no conception whatever of what it actually is. Little progress has been made in regard to it since the time of Newton; but electrical knowledge has advanced and is now advancing with great strides. There is every reason to believe that we shall "know what electricity is," and be able to explain the inherent mechanism by which electrical actions take place, long before we understand how and why a stone is drawn to the earth.

We know, already, what are the laws of both electricity and gravitation, as well as the results that they produce, and it is very doubtful if our ability to control, measure and utilize these agencies would be improved even if we understood their exact nature. The laws and applications of hydraulics would be just as definite and successful even though the facts were not known that water is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. It is possible that methods of generating electricity may be advanced when its real character is discovered, but it is not likely that this knowledge will greatly affect the methods of handling and using it.

But in the popular mind the absence of this ultimate knowledge has left the impression that electricity is not only something unknown, but unknowable. Its subtlety, extreme rapidity of action and astonishing achievements make it appear most mysterious and occult in comparison with the ordinary forms of energy. The experience of the electrical engineer is supposed to consist of a series of surprises and shocks to his mind as well as to his body. This notion is not confined to the ignorant, but is possessed by many educated persons, including non-electrical engineers. This idea has sometimes been the cause of actual harm to the progress of electrical engineering. The profession has been considered to be hardly legitimate, those who practiced it being regarded as either wizards or charlatans, or a combination of the two.

Marvels that Have Been Accomplished

Yet, as I have said, there is hardly another science or profession where the conditions are so exact as in electricity. Known results are figured out with a degree of accuracy that is truly amazing. Many of these results are so unique and astonishing that we still regard them with wonder even after we have become familiar with them. Some of the most striking of these examples are the locating of faults on submarine cables, telephoning a thousand miles or more, transmitting power over one hundred miles, sending simultaneously a number of messages on the same wire, utilizing the power of Niagara, producing the Rœntgen ray, and telegraphing without wires. These and hundreds of other wonderful feats are not accomplished by chance, or by groping in the dark.

And, great as these feats are, new and almost equally startling results are coming up almost every week. It is the first duty of an electrical worker to fall in with rapid advances and radical departures. Therefore, a necessary qualification for the successful electrician is an interest in things that are new *because they are new*. Any one with a strong conservative tendency would be at a disadvantage in the electrical field. This is probably the reason why Americans have got along faster than any other nation in the development and use of electricity. An American prefers a thing that is new, whereas a foreigner considers newness in itself an objection. The man who is interested in ancient literature, or in archæology, cares little for electricity. This is a fact I have observed among my own friends.

Those who have gone into electricity with the idea of saving themselves labor have made a great mistake, because electricity requires fully as much application and intensity of purpose as any other line of work. Mr. Edison was once asked to advise a young man how to succeed in electricity, and his characteristic reply was, "Don't watch the clock." What he meant was that a time-server, a man who simply works so many hours a day for so much in the way of compensation, would never rise high in the electrical business. Electricity requires that high order of interest which is the devotion to art for art's sake. Edison considers that his own success is due to the fact that he tried harder and worked more hours a day than his rivals.

In regard to physical qualifications, it is, of course, an advantage to have a strong body, but so long as one is sufficiently well to be able to keep at his work, the mere possession of physical strength is rather less of an advantage in electrical pursuits than in almost any other. This is due to the fact that it is essentially intellectual; it exemplifies the control of mind over matter. One can control thousands of horse-power by an electrical push button. This is true in no other branch of industry. Even the control of a steam engine by the working of a valve requires a certain strength.

The Value of Technical Training

Given the inborn qualities I have mentioned, the next question is in regard to the best preparation, or training, to be followed. Ten or fifteen years ago there were no schools giving a course of study in electricity except of a very elementary character. Therefore, all those who entered the profession at that time were obliged to pick up their knowledge as they went along. At the present time, however, there are many first-class institutions all over the world teaching electrical engineering very thoroughly and giving it a prominent place in their curriculum. The large companies, such as the General Electric and Westinghouse, and many of the smaller ones, in most cases require, and in all cases prefer, that a young man entering their employ should be a graduate of some electrical course of study. This in itself is a very significant fact. There are, however, exceptions made, and if a young man desires to secure a business position in electricity, in contradistinction from a technical one, the scientific training is much less important and, in fact, may be omitted. It is also true that the business positions pay as well, perhaps better, than the technical ones. By business positions I mean managerial and clerical positions in the main offices and branches of the companies. In this category are included the executive and administrative officers of the company, such as president, secretary and treasurer, who are usually business men who have not had much, if any, technical training.

It is a question, of course, whether these men would not have been benefited if they had received a technical training also. In the engineering departments of the various companies, and in all positions involving the design, construction, installation and operation of electrical machinery, it would seem that a scientific and technical knowledge is practically essential. There are, of course, many prominent examples of self-made electrical men; in fact, as was pointed out, all the older electricians must necessarily have been self-taught. If we look around on the younger men, however, we find that with few exceptions those now coming to the front are graduates of technical schools. The case is similar to that existing in the relation of West Point to the army. Almost without exception the great generals have been West Point men, but there are a few Funstons and Mileses. The bulk of the army officers have been, and are, West Point men, however, and on them we depend.

Of course, success is a somewhat relative term, and it is rather hard to say what proportion of men succeed, as success may be measured in various ways. But it is probably fair to say that nearly all electricians make a good living within a year or two after they graduate. It is probably a fact that at least half of the men make what can be called a substantial success within three or four years after graduation. I have in mind several young men who have reached prominent positions, and won a national reputation in their profession, within five years after graduation from Columbia University. One of them is chief electrical engineer of the Niagara plant, the largest in the world. Another is professor of electrical engineering in a prominent university. Another became chief engineer of a well-known manufacturing company in less than two years after graduation.

Steady Rise in Salaries Probable

But though these men and many others have done exceedingly creditable work and now fill responsible positions, it is a fact that the pay is not as large in the technical branches as it is in the administrative departments. This is true, however, in all other human pursuits. The technical men in a railway, for example, receive much smaller salaries than the executive officers. The same is true in chemical industries, and in many other lines. There is no more responsible position, or one requiring more knowledge or skill, than that of captain of a transatlantic liner, and yet his pay is comparatively small. The presidents of the steamship companies, with nothing like such direct responsibility, receive salaries ten or twenty times greater than those of the captains of the vessels. By the technical man, $5000 a year would be considered a very good and $10,000 an exceptionally large salary.

There is one thing to be considered, however. In the logical development of the new business scheme that is controlling all our great corporations, technical knowledge is beginning to be more and more to the advantage of the men who seek the great positions in these corporations. As the years go by the demand will certainly become steadily greater for a class of men who combine executive ability with a thorough technical understanding of the work they are called on to supervise. Already we have a number of striking examples of technical men who have won great business positions. Two that I now recall are Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the President of the great Billion-Dollar Steel Trust, who is reputed to be the greatest practical ironworker in this country, and Mr. H. H. Vreeland, the President of the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York, who was a practical railroad man long before he became the business head of what is the greatest street railway corporation in the world. Business is being conducted on definite and scientific principles to-day, and as these principles are extended more generally, the man with technical knowledge will have a correspondingly greater advantage over the man who has commercial or executive talent only.

The fact that so many men have succeeded in life without college training is often brought up as an argument to show that college education is not only unnecessary but is almost detrimental to success. The answer to such statements is that the brilliant examples of a few men who have succeeded in this way, men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Schwab and Mr. Vreeland, are no criterion for the ordinary man to follow. These men are geniuses and cannot be covered by any rule. Napoleon was a graduate of a military school, but he would undoubtedly have been a Napoleon if he had received no such training, and most of his marshals were men who had no special military education. They were picked from the common soldiery because they were remarkable men.

But for the ordinarily, or even exceptionally, good man, a training in a technical school is particularly necessary in a subject so peculiar as electricity. It may be that in ordinary mechanical industries a general knowledge picked up in the shop is sufficient, but the scientific nature of electricity, and its subtleness, put it on a different plane. A general education, such as is obtained in a collegiate course, without special reference to science or its applications, is usually considered to be a desirable thing, but since it does not apply to a man's professional or business career, its effect is so indirect that it often appears to be lost time. Many successful men so regard it, but it remains to be seen in the future whether in the long run the best educated and the best trained man will not come out ahead in competition with those who have had fewer advantages. As time goes on, I believe that superior training will count more than it has done in the past when conditions were more crude.

The Possible Speed of Electric Cars

The large number of startling and valuable inventions that have been made in electricity during the last twenty years have brought many men to the front and they have been handsomely rewarded for their labors. Even during the present year several important inventions have been brought out, and undoubtedly this will continue. But though great progress will be made, it is a fact that many of the fundamental ideas have already been evolved.

However, the application of electricity will undoubtedly extend even more rapidly in the future than it has in the past. In electrical railways there will be constructed not only the present trolley cars for local passenger service, but high-speed railways for long distances between great cities. There is practically no limit to the speed of an electric locomotive, since its armature may rotate at a thousand or more revolutions a minute. With steam, on the other hand, it has not been found practicable to run a locomotive much more than about three hundred and fifty revolutions a minute, and, since we are practically limited in the size of the driving wheel, we can evidently expect no great increase in speed with the present steam service. An electric railroad between Berlin and Hamburg is now being designed and constructed on which it is hoped that the trains will run at a speed of a hundred and fifty miles an hour. Of course, at such high speed there is considerable danger of the train leaving the track, but some positive means to avoid this danger will undoubtedly be provided.

The transmission and distribution of electrical power to motors in mines, factories and mills is another field which is now being, and will be, rapidly extended. In fact, it looks as if practically all mining, metallurgical, chemical and manufacturing establishments will be operated by electricity in the near future. The advantages apply to mines of all kinds, iron works, machine shops, cotton, woolen and other textile mills, chemical works, printing establishments, and almost every industry in which power-driven machinery is used. The opportunities for the inventor here are, therefore, enormous.

The electro-chemical branches are also very promising. At the present time a large portion of the copper product of the world is refined electrically, and practically all the aluminum which is now used very extensively in the arts is produced by electrical processes. There are also large establishments for the manufacture of soda, carbide of calcium, phosphorus, chlorate of potash, graphite, and other materials by means of electricity. There are growing up around Niagara Falls a great many works of this kind which already consume nearly 50,000 horse-power, and which will be increased when more power is provided.

Few people outside of the profession realize the amazing progress that has been made in this field of electro-chemistry. And yet we are only at the beginning. The inventive genius is producing new processes almost every day that are revolutionizing results. Some of the experiments under way are almost fantastic though they are being pursued by serious-minded men. There is one concern, for example, at Niagara that is about to produce nitric acid out of the air. The air is passed through an electric apparatus, and its component parts, nitrogen and oxygen, which exist as a mere mechanical mixture, are caused to combine chemically. The gases thus produced are absorbed to form a very pure grade of nitric acid, at a low price. So far the process has not been established commercially, but there is said to be every prospect of success in the near future. Then we shall have the spectacle of producing, out of the atmosphere, one of the most valuable products in the world, for which there is an unlimited demand for fertilizing purposes. Beside such a process, a gold mine would be a cheap and unimportant affair.

Hardly a day passes that some new electrical invention is not put out. These inventions vary in importance, some being small devices which are used incidentally in the various arts, and others being radically new departures which revolutionize some industry, in which case their value may run up to a million dollars or more.

The possibility of generating electricity directly from coal has occupied the attention of many of the greatest inventors of the world, including Mr. Edison, but up to the present time little or no progress has been made. We are still depending upon the boiler, steam engine and dynamo for nearly all our electrical current except in those favored places where Nature provides water-power, as, for example, at Niagara and in Switzerland. But most parts of the civilized world do not possess sufficient water-power for their need. This is particularly true in England, where the water-power is very insignificant. But even with water-power the advantage is not great, as it costs nearly as much to deliver a current in Buffalo from Niagara as it does to produce it on the spot with a steam engine. What the whole electrical world is looking for is some direct process, or apparatus, in which coal may be introduced, and from which the electrical current will be generated directly. In other words, something like an electrical battery in which coal is used in the place of zinc. The person who solves this problem on a commercial basis will win greater fame than any inventor has ever known, and his reward in dollars should make him a Crœsus if he has business talent.

At the present time, with the steam engine and boiler, the best results do not give more than about fifteen per cent. of the energy contained in the coal, and ordinary plants operate at an efficiency of ten per cent. or less. The great advantage in converting the energy of the coal into electricity, instead of using the power in the ordinary mechanical form, is the fact that we can do so many more things — in fact, everything — with electricity. We can produce light, heat, power, chemical effects, and all from the same source of energy. For example, the trolley car is lighted, heated and propelled from the same source, and the power that produces all these results is brought to it while it is running at a high rate of speed. With steam this would be impossible. Even gas, with which we might produce these three effects, would have to be carried on the car, which would be a clumsy and dangerous arrangement.

Electricity, therefore, is the most desirable form of power we have and, so far as we can now see, that we shall ever have. To those who are concerned with its generation and application there is assured an ever-widening field.

The School of Commerce

By William A. Scott

Dean of the School of Commerce, University of Wisconsin

AT THE beginning of the present academic year the University of Wisconsin added to its equipment for technical education a School of Commerce. The purpose of the new course was to do for young men who desire to enter business careers, or those branches of the public service in which a knowledge of business is essential, what it was attempting to do for prospective engineers, lawyers, pharmacists and farmers in its Schools of Engineering, Law, Pharmacy and Agriculture respectively. From the beginning the University authorities understood that such a school could not take the place of actual business experience, but a careful study of the situation convinced them that it was entirely possible to supply genuinely technical courses which would assist the business man in the preparation for his future work in precisely the same manner and in substantially the same degree in which engineering and law courses assist men in these professions.

The considerations which were chiefly influential in securing the establishment of this School may be briefly stated as follows:

Reasons for the School's Establishment

I. Like all other institutions of higher learning, the University of Wisconsin had experienced the criticism of hard-headed business men upon liberal courses of study, and to these criticisms it had been accustomed to make the usual reply. A careful study of the problem from various points of view, however, convinced its faculty that, however valuable such courses may be, they do not supply the prospective business man with all that he needs nor with all that a course of study especially prepared for his purposes might furnish.

II. An investigation of the motives of our students and of the history of our alumni revealed the fact that considerable numbers of young men were every year entering our Engineering and Law Schools, and some our Agricultural College, for the purpose of securing preparation for the pursuits of commerce rather than for the professions in the preparation for which these schools were supposed to be principally engaged. The reason for this, apparently, was that the young men in question, or their parents or guardians, regarded these technical courses as on the whole better adapted to their purposes than the liberal courses of study pursued in the College of Letters and Science.

III. The statistics of the high schools of the State show clearly that a considerable proportion of their brightest graduates enter business directly, without receiving any of the advantages of college and university training, simply because they do not believe that four years spent in a university will yield sufficient advantage to pay for the loss of time.

IV. It became also evident to those who gave attention to the situation that the poor boy who lacks business connections and influential relatives does not have a fair opportunity either to acquaint himself with the various occupations open to him in the United States at the present time or to secure the training necessary to enable him to exercise an intelligent choice among them. The sons of wealthy parents or of men engaged in business pursuits have opportunities for securing a business training which are entirely wanting to young men who lack such connections.

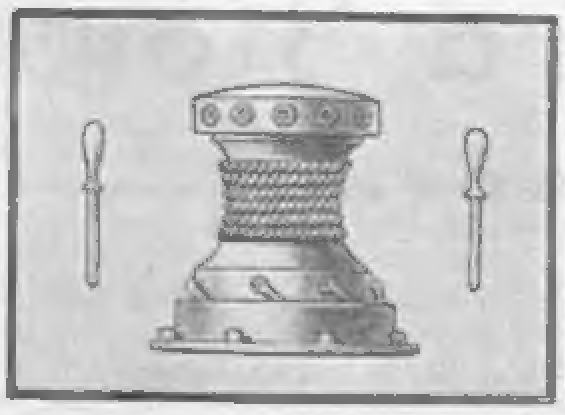
The Subjects that are Taught

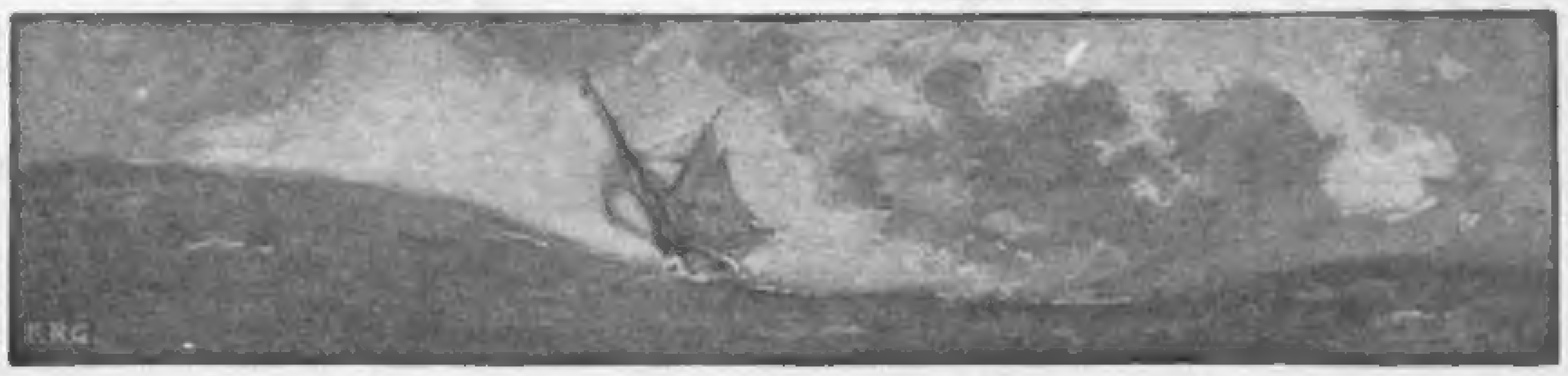
The curriculum adopted was the result of a careful study of the needs of prospective business men, and of the courses and methods of foreign schools of commerce. Like the various liberal courses of study in the College of Letters and Science, this course extends throughout four years, leads to a bachelor's degree, and may be entered on precisely the same terms as these. The subjects which it includes may be classified as required, technical electives, and free electives. Under the first head fall two groups of courses, of which the first contains those subjects necessary for disciplinary purposes and required as a preparation for technical courses which are to follow. It includes mathematics, chemistry, physics, history (mediæval, modern and American), commercial geography, and four years' consecutive study of either German, French or Spanish. The second group belonging under this head is designed to acquaint the student with the structure and workings of the business world as it is at the present time organized. It includes courses in economic history, transportation, money and banking, business forms and accounts, business organization and management, commercial law and economics.

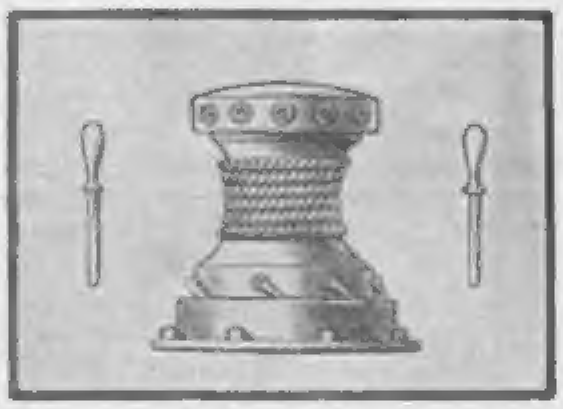
Under the head of technical electives are included groups of courses furnishing special preparation for particular lines of business. Each student is expected to elect one of these groups. These studies extend continuously throughout the junior and senior years and occupy from three to five hours per week. Two such groups are at present available, one leading to the business of banking, and the other to the consular service. Other groups, furnishing special preparation for commerce in South America, in the West Indies and in the Orient, will be offered in the near future.

From five to six hours throughout the last half of the sophomore year and the junior and senior years are available for what may be called free electives. In his choice here the student has free range over the numerous and varied courses offered in the different departments of the University, and the opportunity of rounding out his general education or of supplementing his technical training in any direction he may desire.

The success of this educational experiment thus far has been gratifying. Eighty-four students entered the course at its beginning, sixty-five of whom were freshmen, the other nineteen having entered with advanced standing, either from other institutions or from other courses of the University. Of the new students more than seventy per cent. either would not have enjoyed the advantages of any college course had not this School been established, or they would have taken a makeshift course in some engineering or law or agricultural school as preparation for their work. The needs of the other thirty per cent. are presumably more adequately met by this course than by any other. These facts seem to indicate that, at least so far as Wisconsin is concerned, the demand for a school of this sort is great.







Ballads of the Banks—By Holman F. Day

No. 1—Tale of a Shag-Eyed Shark

The mackerel bit as they crowded an' fit to grab at our gange-in' bait,
We were flappin' em in till the 'midship bin held clus' on a thousand weight;
When all of a sudden they shet right down an' never a one would bite,
An' the Old Man swore an' he r'ared an' tore till the mains'l nigh turned white.
He'd pass as the heftiest swearin' man that ever I heard at sea,
An' that is allowin' a powerful lot, as sartinly you will agree.
Whenever he cursed his arm shot up an' his fingers they wiggled about,
Till they seemed to us like a windmill's fans a-pumpin' the cuss-words out.
He swore that day by the fodder hay of the Great Jeehookibus whale,
By the Big Skedunk, an' he bit a hunk from the edge of an iron pail,
For he knowed the reason the fish had dodged, an' he swore us stiff an' stark
As he durned the eyes an' liver an' lights of a shag-eyed, skulkin' shark.
Then we baited a line all good an' fine an' slung 'er over the side,
An' the shark took holt with a dretful jolt, an' he yanked an' chanked an' tried
To jerk it out, but we held him stout so he couldn't duck nor swim,
An' we h'isted him over—that old sea-rover—we'd business there with him.

A-yoopin' for air he laid on deck, an' the skipper he says, says he:
"You're the wust, dog-gondest, mis'able hog that swims the whole durn sea.
'Mongst gents as is gents it's a standin' rule to leave each gent his own—
If ye note as ye pass he's havin' a cinch, stand off an' leave him alone.
But you've slobbered along where you don't belong, an' you've gone an' spiled the thing,
An' now, by the pink-tailed Wah-hoo-fish, you'll take your dose, by jing!"
So, actin' by orders, the cook fetched up our biggest knife on board,
An' he ripped that shark in his 'midship bulge; then the Old Man he explored.
An' after a while, with a nasty smile, he giv' a yank an' twist,
"Hurroo!" yells he, an' then we see the liver clinched in his fist.
Still actin' by orders, the cook fetched out his needle an' biggest twine—
With a herrin'bone stitch sewed up that shark, all right an' tight an' fine.
We throwed him back with a mighty smack, an' the look as he swum away
Was the most reproachfulest kind of a look I've seen for many a day.
An' the liver was throwed in the scuttle-butt, to keep it all fresh an' cool,
Then we up with our sheet an' off we beat, a-chasin' that mackerel school.

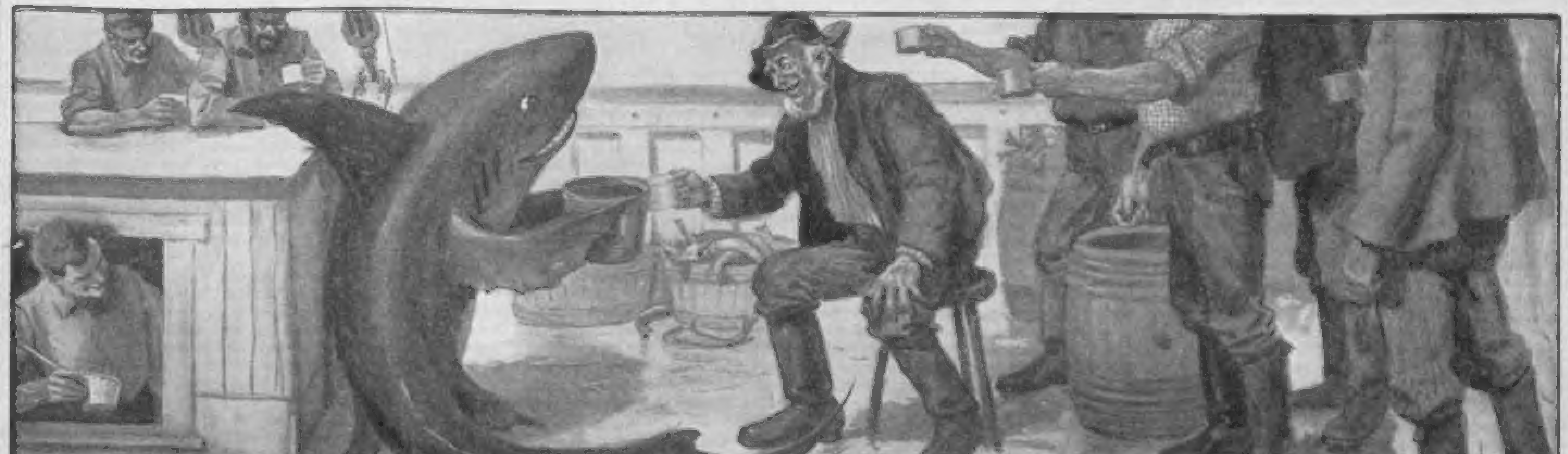
We sailed all day in a criss-cross way, but the school it skipped an' skived,
It dodged an' ducked, an' backed an' bucked, an' scooted an' swum an' dived.
An' we couldn't catch 'em, the best we'd do—an' oh, how the Old Man swore!
He went an' he gargled his throat in ile, 'twas peeled so raw an' sore.
But at last, 'way off at the edge of the sea, we suddenly chanced to spy
A tall back-fin come fannin' in, ag'inst the sunset sky.
An' the sea ahead of it shivered an' gleamed with a shiftin' an' silvery hue,
With here a splash an' there a dash, an' a ripple shootin' through.
An' the Old Man jumped six feet from deck; he hollered an' says, says he:
"Here comes the biggest mackerel school since the Lord set off the sea!
An' right behind, if I hain't blind, by the prong-jawed dogfish's bark,
Is a finnin' that mis'able hog of the sea, that liverless, shag-eyed shark!"

But we out with our bait an' down with our hooks, an' we fished an' fished an' fished,
While 'round in a circle, a-cuttin' the sea, that back-fin whished an' slished;
An' we noticed at last he was herdin' the school an' drivin' 'em on our bait,
An' they bit an' they bit an' we pulled 'em in at a reg'lar wholesale rate.
We pulled 'em in till the Sairy Ann was wallerin' with her load,
An' we stopped at last 'cause there wa'n't no room for the mackerel to be stowed.

Then up came a-finnin' that liverless shark, an' he showed his stitched-up side,
An' the look in his eyes was such a look that the Old Man fairly cried.
We rigged a tackle an' lowered a noose an' the shark stuck up his neck,
Then long an' slow, with a heave yo-ho, we h'isted him up on deck.
The skipper he blubbered an' grabbed a fin an' gave it a hearty shake;
Says he, "Old man, don't lay it up an' we'll have a drop to take."
An', actin' by orders, the cook fetched up our kag of good old rum;
The shark he had his drink poured first, an' all of us then took some.
Still actin' by orders, the cook he took an' he picked them stitches out,
An' we all turned to, an' we lent a hand; though of course we had some doubt
As to how he'd worn it an' how 'twas hitched, an' whuther 'twas tight or slack,
But as best we could—as we understood—we put that liver back.
Then we sewed him up, an' we shook his fin an' we giv' him another drink,
We h'isted him over the rail ag'in an' he giv' us a partin' wink.
Then he swum away, an' I dast to say, although he was rather sore,
He felt that he'd started the trouble first, an' we'd done our best an' more.
'Cause a dozen times 'fore the season closed an' the mackerel skipped to sea,
He herded a school an' drove 'em in, as gentlemanlike as could be.
We'd toss him a drink, an' he'd tip a wink, as sociable as ye please,
No kinder nor better-mannered shark has ever swum the seas.

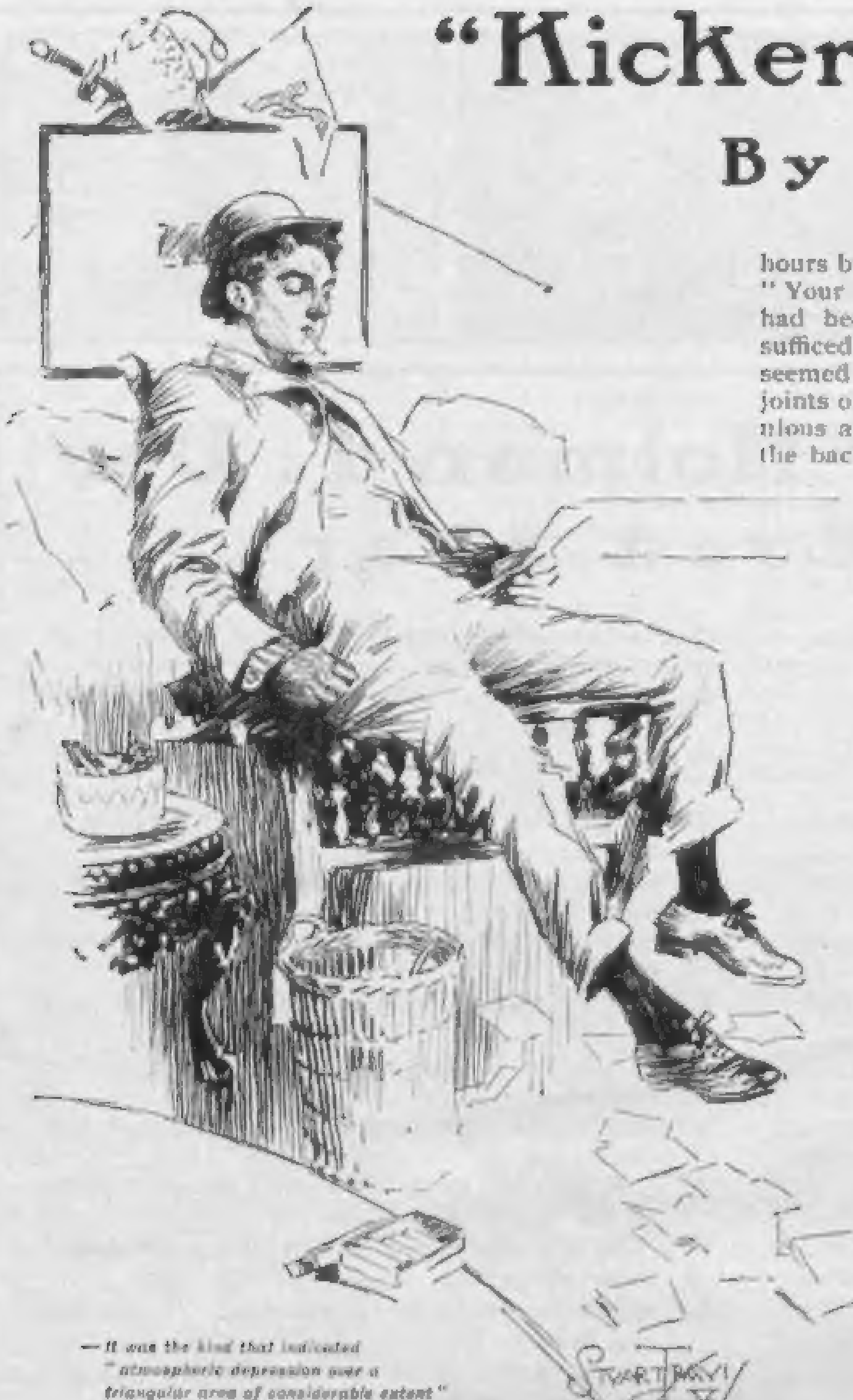
. . . .

Now, the moral is, if you cut a friend before that you know he's friend,
An' after he's shown it, ye do your best his feelin's to nicely mend,
He'll meet ye square, an' he'll call you quits, providin' he's got a spark
Of proper feelin'—at least our crew can vouch this for a shark.



"Kicker" Lang—A Harvard Story

By Charles Macomb Flandrau



—It was the kind that indicated "atmospheric depression over a triangular area of considerable extent"

PART I

JIMMIE THURSTON was both scared and angry. He had not been near his room for three days, and when he finally pushed open the door one morning he found the floor of his little vestibule white with oblong envelopes. He giggled as he stooped to gather them up; but as he stood tossing them unopened into his fireplace, he yawned. A bill—a bill—a bill—another bill—another—another—they were all old enemies; monthly visitors. The handwritings were so familiar to him that he recognized even the ones whose envelopes were plain; all except the stationer's bill. The stationer was crafty. He inclosed his reckonings in coquettish little azure or pale gray coverings that had fooled Jimmie once a month for two years. They were demure and refined and led one to believe that somebody in town was about to give a tea. Jimmie ripped open the stationer's bill and giggled once more as he let it drop among the others. Then he yawned again, for the eighth communication was a letter from his father which he sent sailing across the room to his desk. This second yawn was distinctly lacking in sincerity; it was none the less a bit of bravado, for having no amused spectators. The last envelope of all contained an unknown quantity. Plain, white, addressed in typewriting—it, of course, would prove unpleasant reading. But then, Jimmie's mail was almost always unpleasant reading—especially the typewritten letters.

He opened the "beastly thing" (as he called it to himself), read its contents with serious eyes, and then stupidly fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. A cigarette, with Jimmie, was always a convenient substitute for thought. The crash had come at last. "That creature" had put his affair with Jimmie into the hands of another "creature," who—it was diabolically shrewd of him—had divined that the threat of an appeal to Jimmie's father would prove instantaneously effectual in bringing Jimmie to terms. Jimmie fumbled for a cigarette, but his impulse suddenly collapsed as his hand moved upward to his mouth. He snatched the curt, typewritten document from the mantelpiece, where he had stood it against the clock, and read it again—and with special attention the second paragraph.

> Mr. Feldmann has been more than lenient in this matter, and I should consider myself amply justified were I writing to your father at the present moment, instead of to you. I shall not resort to this measure, however, until Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock. If by that time you have not discharged in full your indebtedness to Mr. Feldmann, I warn you that I shall inform your father of your protracted negligence. This is final.

"Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock." It had not occurred to Jimmie at first that the "beastly thing" had been reposing on his vestibule floor for almost three days and that Wednesday had arrived. But he was so painfully aware of the fact now that he could only stare at the glass clock over the fireplace and try to calculate the hopelessly few hours between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. "Your father!" If all the other words in the language had been sponged from the slate, those two would have sufficed to make Jimmie's life varied and emotional. They seemed actually to have some subtle connection with the joints of his knees that frequently caused them to feel tremulous and unhinged. The boy pressed his forehead against the backs of his hands as they rested against the mantelpiece, and tried to think; but no plan for instantaneously turning straw into gold presented itself. He laughed rather hysterically—as he reflected that he did not even possess any straw. He would have joyfully sold everything in his rooms, from the rugs to the gas-fixtures, if he had not had occasion to find out—during a former financial crisis—exactly how little the furniture-man around the corner valued them. They were all good, but one of Jimmie's brothers had used them for four years and they had been in Jimmie's room for half as long. They told quite frankly their tale of college life; and the furniture-man was not sentimental. As for finding any one in so short a time who could lend him the sum of money he owed Feldmann—Jimmie dismissed the preposterous idea with a groan. He went listlessly over to the desk and opened his father's letter—not with any curiosity as to the news it might contain, but impelled by a morbid desire to inform himself of the nature of his parent's contemporary mood. Jimmie's interest in his father's letters was almost entirely meteorological. He consulted them as a clerk of the weather bureau consults barometers. This latest one began:

> *My Dear James:* For a person who has all but reached the age of twenty-two years—who calls himself a man—it strikes me that you are one of the——

Jimmie threw it into the waste basket; it was the kind that indicated "atmospheric depression over a triangular area of considerable extent," and under the circumstances, failed to cheer him. Tired, nervous—sick almost at the thought of the calamity that was about to befall him—he picked up his cap and dragged away to meet his tutor—Kicker Lang, a senior. He was due in Lang's room at ten o'clock and it was twenty minutes past. But this did not worry him, for he was usually late.

II

ONCE in a fit of remorse Jimmie himself had suggested the semi-official, semi-congenial relation that existed between him and John Cicero Lang—commonly known as Kicker. He had tutored with Lang for an examination in the middle of the sophomore year. Kicker at that time was a junior, although from Jimmie's point of view—which in every possible respect differed from that of his tutor—the serious Lang, with his searching, somewhat ironical brown eyes and self-contained manner, might have been Professor Emeritus. To Jimmie, Lang at first had been simply a short cut to a passing mark; it was almost by accident that he had come to regard him as being—not like himself exactly, but one whose freshman year, at least, had been sufficiently human to render him intelligible. They had been in Jimmie's room one day and were half way through an agonizing hour in political economy when Jimmie—exhausted by his own attempt to explain why "money is not wealth"—leaned back in his chair and exclaimed:

"The fellow who picked out this wall paper knew what he was about." At which Lang, who, before his father's failure and sudden death had himself occupied the luxurious apartment he now saw only as Jimmie's tutor, made revelations inevitable by answering: "Thank you."

After passing the examination in economics with what for him was the equivalent of flying colors, Jimmie, who was impulsive and generous, had extolled Lang's talents as a tutor to a numerous acquaintance who were perpetually in search of just such a royal road as Jimmie declared the junior to be. So that when the spring hour examinations began to darken the horizon, Lang had found that even if Jimmie was given to cursing loudly the day on which John Stuart Mill was born, he was not without certain endearing qualities. It was impossible to admire Jimmie, but there was in him something to like, something to pity, much to deplore. Lang found his impulsive, demonstrative, magnetic personality very winning after so many months of an existence too hard-worked, too absorbed and too economical for just that sort of companionship. And he had been pleasantly astonished when he learned that at a solemn, awesome conference between Jimmie's father and the Dean, Jimmie (reduced to penitent tears) had said he knew he could do better if he had some one to help him, to advise him, to "understand" him—"not a horrid old fossil" like his official adviser, who had forgotten what it was to be young (if he had ever known)—but somebody who was intelligent and sympathetic—somebody like Kicker Lang.

"I think he could keep me straight," Jimmie had gulped.

Mr. Thurston had magnanimously concealed his disgust at Jimmie's confessed incompetence to perform this office for himself; the Dean had been hopeful; Jimmie had breathed again; and Lang had been pleased. For, aside from the fact that he was gratified at his ability to inspire confidence in two such startlingly different intellects as those of Jimmie and the Dean, the undertaking had its material, its financial side.

Lang's efforts in Jimmie's behalf had been, on the whole, more satisfactory to Jimmie, to the Dean and to Mr. Thurston than they had been to Lang himself. In order to accomplish even what he had, his relations with the youth had been of necessity a prolonged compromise. And Lang detested compromise. His life for a year and a half before he and Jimmie came together had been a struggle; he had grown to look at the little world about him with eyes that were now and then pitilessly clear; his opinions were definite, his judgments verged upon the severe. If Lang's experiences had not left him actually "hard," it was because a small measure of success had rewarded his efforts in the nick of time. It was difficult, then, for him to feel that in persuading Jimmie to study—in dogging his footsteps before examinations and compelling him to concentrate his hazy mind long enough to slip through amid the rank and file of mediocrities—he was doing everything. The authorities expected no more of him; neither did Mr. Thurston. But Lang himself was not satisfied. He liked certain qualities in Jimmie so much that he regretted constantly and deeply his powerlessness to eliminate the traits he despised. Jimmie's lack of ambition, his flippancy in regard to everything in the world with the exception of his father, his dissipations, his languid inability to consider anything beyond the pleasure of the fleeting present—oh, there was a long list of them; they depressed Lang and made him wonder if he were really earning his wages. For it was impossible, beyond certain definite limits, to follow Jimmie and restrain him. If the boy kept his study hours, went to the lectures and passed his examinations, the tutor could demand little more—although he frequently suggested that more would be advisable. He could not, for instance, take charge, as he often longed to do, of Jimmie's money matters and force him to appreciate the actual value of one of the many dollars he so recklessly made away with—whether or not he happened to have them. Lang's hold on Jimmie was stronger, perhaps, than that of any one.

When Jimmie climbed the four flights of stairs to Lang's room that Wednesday morning, the tutor, who was writing at his desk, gave him a preoccupied nod and went on with his work. Jimmie had not expected him to be pleased exactly at the three days' absence (the two were supposed to work together every morning), but in the light of the imminent and much more terrible displeasure of his father, Jimmie regarded the tutor's slight coldness as unimportant.

Therefore when Lang finally put down his pen, exclaiming:

"Didn't you bring your books?" Jimmie disposed of the matter with:

"Oh, don't jump on me, Lang; I can't listen to you if you begin. I didn't bring the books this morning. That isn't what I came for." He spoke desperately, and the other glanced up to read what he could of the past three days in Jimmie's expression. As a rule the boy's experiences revealed themselves in his tired eyes, his nervous mouth and his general air of languid indifference. But to-day, although his face was pale and exhausted-looking, he was anything but languid and indifferent. Instead of sinking into a chair and yawning, he walked over to the window and stood there rapidly twisting a ring on his finger and staring perplexedly into the street below. Yet the tutor's:

"Why, what on earth is the matter now?" was only mildly solicitous; Jimmy was given to making the most of dramatic possibilities:

"Everything is the matter and it's all come at once. I don't suppose that anybody in the world is as unlucky as I am," Jimmie burst out. Lang had heard this so often that he didn't trouble himself to dispute it, but sat making row after row of little dots with his pencil on a blotter.

"I'm not perfect, I know," Jimmie continued, "but I'm no worse than lots of others. *They* seem to get along all right, though. *They're* not hounded from morning till night the way I am. I don't see why everybody picks *me* out."

He continued to sputter with self-pity and vague, pointless, unreasonable denunciations while Lang listened in silence. The tutor was far from patient on these occasions, even if his non-committal air gave that impression. He could not help contrasting rather cynically the kind of troubles that had—after his father's failure—beset his own college life (his first struggles for the barest necessities of existence, the desperate economies he had resorted to, in order that his invalid sister should one day have a change of climate) with those that, from time to time, Jimmie brought upon himself and fumed over. But he refrained from comment for much the same reasons that might dissuade one from arguing with an ineffectual little geyser. He did not even tell Jimmie to stop making an ass of himself. It would have relieved Lang to make this request. But as Jimmie would have instantly become sulky and remained so for a week, the tutor denied himself the momentary pleasure and waited for the subsidence of the young man's strangely mingled emotions.

They muttered themselves away at last, leaving Jimmie a pitiful heap on the window-seat. He ceased to resent and denounce and seemed crushed with despair. The specific details that Lang had been waiting for refused to come even after various discreet indications that they would be judicially listened to; and Lang reflected that matters must have

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Editor's Note—"Kicker" Lang, by the author of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman, will be concluded in next week's Saturday Evening Post.

gone wrong indeed when Jimmie was unable to scare up a marvelously plausible case for the defendant.

"Of course I don't want to pry into your affairs; you know that," Lang said at last; "but if you were to tell me just what's happened I might be able to suggest something."

"It's too late—the time's too short—nothing can be done," Jimmie declared tragically. "Oh, I've been an awful fool," he added—suddenly overwhelmed by the realization that if he had been in Cambridge when the lawyer's letter had arrived he might at least have telegraphed to his aunt—a lady of independent means who was rather given to siding with him against the world. "I don't know where to turn—it's an end of everything—it's bound to be."

"If it's as bad as all that—write to your father," advised Lang decidedly. "He will hear of anything so—so momentous, as a matter of course, and it would be better to have him hear it through you."

"He isn't going to hear of it because it's momentous—it's going to be momentous because he will hear of it," Jimmie brilliantly replied. "I don't see what good it would do for *me* to rush and enlighten him." But he could not, on the other hand—after much talk—see that it would do any harm. It was mental agony to him to write the kind of letter to his father that Lang advised him to write, but before the tutor left him to go to a twelve o'clock lecture he had decided to attempt one.

"My sister is in town—I'm to meet her after my lecture—so I'll have my luncheon in there," said Lang. "I can't say exactly when I'll be back; but come around at about five and wait for me. We can read over your letter, and then, if there's time, perhaps we can make up part of what we've lost in the history." As he spoke he took from his pocket a bunch of keys on a chain and tossed it over to Jimmie. Jimmie had mislaid, at various times, three keys to Lang's room, and this morning the tutor gravely waited until he saw the chain attached to a button.

Left alone, Jimmie smoked many cigarettes and paced slowly up and down the tutor's plain little room. Lang, it was true, had not offered any solution of the difficulty, for Jimmie had not given him a chance to; everything was really as hopeless as it had been from the first. But Jimmie was much calmer. Lang had soothed him somehow, and his clean, uncarpeted, ascetic room with its desk, its bed, its washstand, its window-seat and its two wooden chairs (there was no other furniture) exerted something of the same influence. For an hour Jimmie smoked and paced and stared out of the window or threw himself on the bed as the letter to his father gradually took form in his mind. Then he sat down at the desk and began to write. Almost another hour passed before he wrote in his sprawling hand, "Your affectionate son, Jimmie," during which time the letter had developed from the laborious, carefully-worded performance that Lang, later in the afternoon, was to read and criticise, to an ingenuous filial outburst that, Jimmie felt, must be seen only by the eyes for whom it was written. He addressed an envelope and glanced about for a stamp. Then he remembered that Lang always kept stamps in the tiny drawer among the partitions of the desk facing him, and he reached out to open it. It was locked; but he had Lang's keys in his pocket.

"Why, the old fox!" Jimmie exclaimed with a laugh as he drew out a handful of banknotes that had rolled forward over the stamps when he pulled open the drawer.

"Where, in Heaven's name—why the man's rich!" he mused. There were four fifty-dollar bills, some twenties, and tens and fives innumerable. The little pile actually felt thick and heavy in Jimmie's hand, and the incongruity of coming across it in Kicker Lang's desk made him laugh. Where did the tutor get such a lot of money, and what on earth was he going to do with it all? Kicker, who, when he had to go to town, usually started early and walked the three or four miles rather than waste five cents! These questions drifted through Jimmie's mind at first without demanding an answer. For the moment the boy was merely amused at his discovery—pleased that Lang's resources were so much greater than he had supposed—mirthful when the words of a popular song he often quoted at Lang ("Wise, wise—awfully wise") occurred to him with a new force. The paper in his hand was money, but in an abstract—an almost humorous sense. It was not until his eyes turned suddenly to his letter (he had forgotten it in his merriment) that the notes made to him the poignant appeal a little heap of discolored paper can make sometimes to one who has an immediate and pressing need for it.

His first thought was, "If Lang were here I'd ask him to lend it to me," and this was followed by a wave of vexation and regret at not having told the tutor everything and given him an opportunity to propose the loan himself.

"I wonder if he would have done it," Jimmie mused. The money he needed was a large amount; there was no one in college from whom he could have borrowed it. But then—there was perhaps no one he knew intimately who for the moment had it. His friends, like himself, were given generous allowances—which they as generously spent. But here was Lang, whose expenses were a mere nothing, Jimmie reflected as he glanced about the room. He had more than enough to square Jimmie with the usurious Feldmann—and it was all lying idle in a drawer; lying there because the tutor, with his queer habits of economy, had no use for it!

"If he had offered it to me, of course I should have arranged to return it with a thumping big interest," Jimmie magnificently told himself, and experienced immediately afterward the exalted sensation of one who sacrifices to beneficence. Oh, why hadn't he made a full confession of his trouble! It would have been a matter of the past by this time, he thought as he glanced at Lang's alarm clock. For there was little or no doubt that the tutor would have pressed the money upon him, Jimmie now reasoned. Kicker was always obliging and sympathetic and willing to help people out of difficulties when he could. Why wasn't he there—why hadn't he told where his sister was staying? If Jimmie decided to "borrow" the money (it began to seem probable that he would) he couldn't possibly find Lang before four o'clock, and he balked a little at the—the, well, the informality of borrowing first and asking permission afterward. Looked at in one way he conceded that of course it wasn't technically honest. But Lang, he was eager to believe, wouldn't look at it disagreeably; he would be glad to do a good turn so easily.

"Of course I'll pay him back very soon," Jimmie declared as he burned the letter to his father. Just how he should manage this did not trouble him. To Jimmie, only the imminent was impossible.

Lang was tired and worried when he came into his room at five o'clock. He had fully intended, as he climbed the stairs, to tell Jimmie that he would not give him his hour of history, after all. But when he opened the door and found the boy sitting near the lamp with a textbook on his lap and a notebook on the other chair drawn up in front of him, the tutor changed his mind. Jimmie so seldom created for himself an atmosphere of domesticity and study that Lang felt it would be in the nature of a wanton waste not to make the most of this rare and impressive mood. So instead of dismissing Jimmie and throwing himself on his bed for a few minutes before dinner, as he longed to do, he laughed as he took off his coat, and exclaimed:

"Aren't you afraid you'll break down?"

Jimmie had returned from town himself only a few minutes before and had not read a word in the book on his lap, although his general air as he looked up and rubbed his eyes was that of one who had studied long and hard. He had spent the time before Lang's coming in resolving to tell at once about the money. An immediate confession would shed the frank and honorable light over the proceeding that even Jimmie—now that it had been irrevocably accomplished—felt it somehow needed.

"Let me see—where did we leave off?" Lang asked absently as he moved the other chair to Jimmie's side and sat down. "Oh—I forgot—did you write to your father?"

"No—that is, yes; I wrote a letter but I didn't send it. I borrowed some money instead. It was a money matter, of course. I borrowed—from you," Jimmie replied. He had tried to speak easily, carelessly, as if it were the most natural situation in the world, and they would begin the lesson without further explanation. At the last words he turned and smiled at Lang with a somewhat strained radiance.

"You borrowed from me?" said the tutor, wrinkling his forehead in perplexity. His tone was not reassuring; but then, of course, he did not understand.

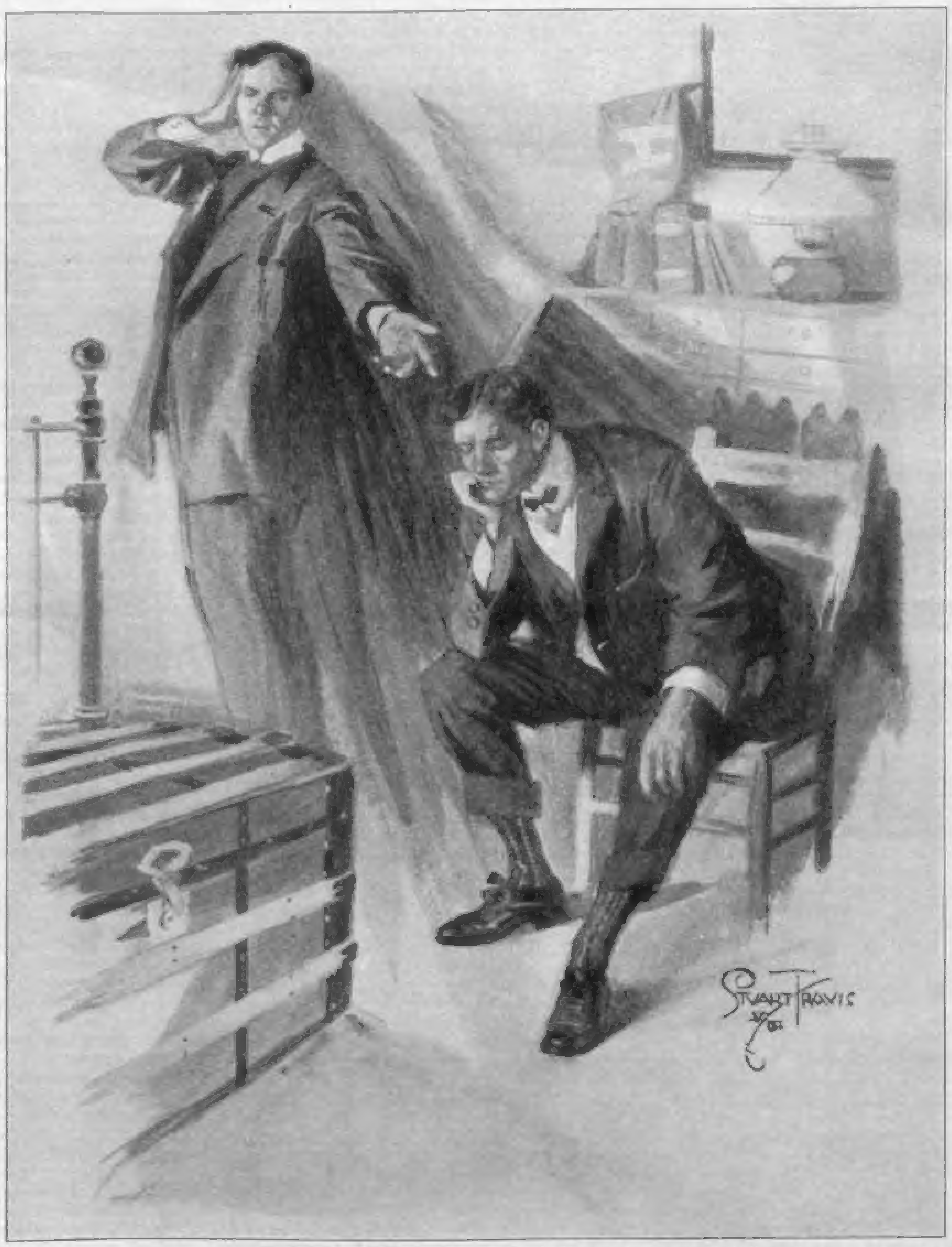
"Yes," Jimmie went on with a short laugh: "I was looking for a stamp, and I didn't suppose you'd care one way or the other if I drew on you for—a few days," he answered. He found it difficult all at once to name the exact amount. "It was lying there idle in the desk; I"—he was on the point of referring to the munificent rate of interest he was prepared to pay, but the remark refused to come. "I didn't take it all," he ended lamely.

"You didn't take it all," Lang repeated with such a complete absence of expression in his voice that Jimmie shrank from meeting the expression of his face. But a desperate reliance on the rôle of the frank and honorable nerved him to the effort and he looked for a moment into the tutor's contracted eyes.

"Give me my keys," Lang almost whispered. He stood up and towered above Jimmie with outstretched hand. Even then Jimmie could have giggled hysterically as a vague analogy between his situation and that of Mrs. Blue-Beard flitted through his brain. Out of the corner of his eye he could see that as Lang fumbled at the little lock his hand trembled. Then there was a moment of intense silence while Lang leaned over and peered into his face as if to make sure that it was not all a joke.

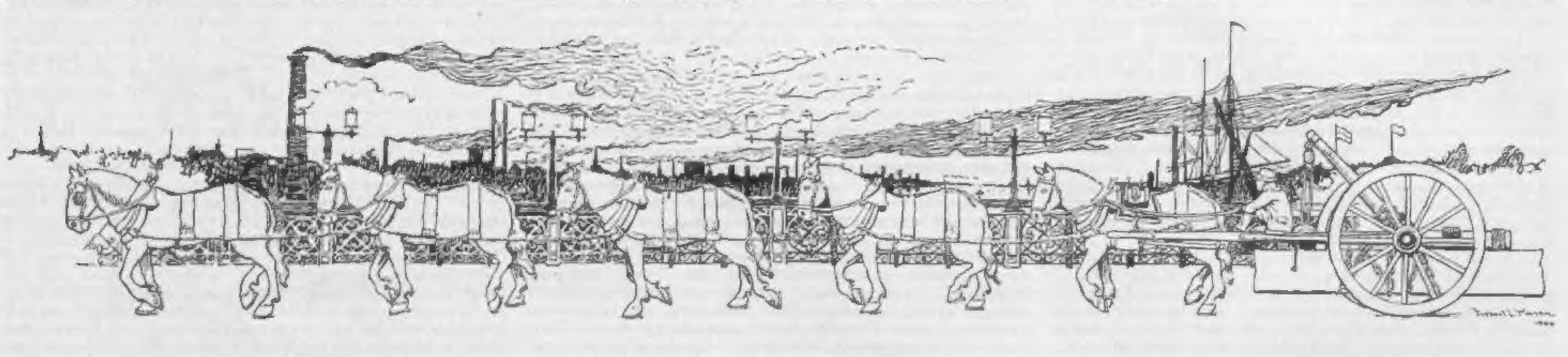
"Do you mean to say that you came to my desk and stole my money?" he demanded thickly. Jimmie sprang up.

(Continued on Page 20)



"One would think you'd be satisfied with stealing my brains and passing them off for your own—but you've got to sneak in and take my money"

Practical Education that Pays



Science as a Profession

By N. S. Shaler

Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University

WHEN a young man is considering the choice of a profession it is a matter of the first importance that he should know what are the chances of employment in the vocation he may be inclined to follow. In the long-established professions these conditions are most likely known to him, or may be learned from any well-trained physician, lawyer or clergyman of his neighborhood. It is otherwise with such callings as engineering, mining, architecture and landscape gardening, in which suitably trained men may find honorable and well-paid work in applying the principles and practice of natural science. It is likely that the youth may not know men who are thus engaged, and so he needs to seek information from those persons who have charge of technical schools or of their departments, and who understand what are the chances of employment for their graduates. For many years I have been engaged in supervising the education of young men who are making themselves ready for places where they can apply their training in science; in finding positions for candidates; and in noting the conditions of their general success and of their occasional, though rare, failures. I have had at the same time a fairly good opportunity to compare the fortunes of graduates in the ancient professions with those of men who have entered on the newer walks of life. The result of these observations may be briefly set forth as follows.

The Chances in a Career of Science

In case a young man of fair ability, industry, and such measure of health as will enable him to win his value, is by his nature inclined to give his life work to some one of the dozen or more scientific callings, he may enter upon that career with the assurance that his opportunities of employment will be at least as good as in any of the ancient professions, divinity, law or medicine, or in that other profession, commonly known as "business." As regards the chances of places and salary at the time of graduation they are distinctly better than in other callings. For some years none of the graduates of the Lawrence Scientific School who followed any of the programs of study which relate to definite employment have failed promptly to obtain positions. The pay they at the beginning receive is in most instances small, but with the exception of those who enter the service of the great electric and other corporations it is sufficient to support an economical person.

In general, it is from $50 to $80 a month. In many instances, a yearly increasing number, students begin to arrange for employment in particular mines, manufactories, or Government scientific corps two years or more before their graduation. Slight variations in their schooling, together with the use of one or two summers in special preparation, make them the better fitted for their work and so their novitiate is much shortened.

As for the eventual remuneration of the man of applied science in terms of money or station, it depends, as in the other professions, on his capacity and in some measure on the chances of life. There is a common notion that the larger pecuniary rewards do not come to the engineer, but are for the lawyer or the man who gives himself to commerce, manufacturing or banking. In my observation this has not been the case, for the most distinguished instances of pecuniary success among the many who in my time have graduated from Harvard have been among the relatively few who have devoted their energies to the economic application of what has been termed the new learning. It is likely that for a long time to come men trained to win values from the earth, and with capacity for the hard labor such work demands, will find their profit therefrom.

Though the question as to the amount of money which may be had from a man's life work is certainly important, it is less so than the larger questions as to the place among men his calling promises to give him and its effect on his character. As to these matters it may be said that while all learned employments which are helpful to mankind help those who follow them to dignified stations in life and develop their character, those which are concerned with natural science have a peculiar advantage in that they deal more with the actual world than any other. The engineer in any of his manifold varieties of action tests and enlarges himself by his contact with Nature. The development he thus obtains is much like that of the commander in active war. In fact, engineering is a war with the elements and the natural forces, and both forms of combat seem to bring out the strength that is in a man—that strength which always receives the ready recognition of his fellows.

Young men who are considering what profession to follow are seldom so fortunate as to have a bent so decided that they do not have to ask themselves whether they are fitted for this or that kind of work. Even when their capacities are of high order they have to look for a sign to tell them what to do. So far as I have been able to determine from many hundred conferences with youths on this matter, it may in general be said that the following indications have value in indicating whether or not it is well for a person to concern himself with the earth sciences.

A Love for Outdoor Life as a Test

If the questioner can make sure whether he is at his best under a roof or in the open air he may help himself to a determination. In general, the men suited to be engineers, geologists or miners are of the out-of-door type; such as are at their best in vigorous contact with the earth. There are exceptions to this as to all other rules for gauging people, but the point has value. Again, in a like general way, a decided incapacity for mathematics may be taken as an indication that a person is not suited to a career in applied science. In all branches of engineering the power to use the calculus for computations is almost indispensable. No young man, unless he has remarkable capacity for invention, can expect to rise in the profession without a fair command of that branch of mathematics. In chemistry, geology, and other natural sciences where elaborate computations are not demanded, less mathematical knowledge will serve; but in them all, even when the forms of reasoning are not followed, the quality of the thought required is of the same exact character. Therefore it may be assumed that a dislike for this subject makes it doubtful whether a person should seek a career in the field of natural science. It must be said, however, that some men of distinguished ability in this field have won their success without any knowledge of mathematics beyond the merest elements of the subject. But in all such instances these masters have been very strong in the other qualities called for in their work.

There is a common notion among young men who propose being engineers that they should, as soon as possible, set about the practical work of their profession; that a long preliminary training hinders rather than helps their advancement. There is no doubt that a youth with a high-school training and quick wits can in many branches of applied science quickly earn his living. Thus, in electrical engineering, he may in a few years find himself a trusted lineman or in charge of a small plant; but there he finds his progress at an end, because he does not know his subject, but only certain of its minor details. Unless he has remarkable talent and a great capacity for teaching himself he will rise no higher in his profession. The distinguished successes I have known have been altogether among men who took pains to obtain an education such as developed their general capacity to the utmost, without much regard to the practice of their art until they were completely prepared for it. Asking a graduate of the Lawrence School who has attained to very distinguished success as a mining engineer, what feature of his schooling had been most helpful to him, he answered in effect that his greatest advantage had come from the fact that he had received no instruction in those details of his profession which are properly learned in practice; that all his time had been spent on those necessary studies which could not be acquired in the routine of his employment.

There is one other point concerning the conditions of a career in technical science which needs to be stated. This is as to the time of beginning the studies which relate to the profession. While it is well that every young man should be trained in a college before he enters a technical school, it is very important that he should begin this professional part of his training with physics and advanced mathematics not later than his sophomore year, and that all through his college course, while seeking the general culture it affords, he should have his main purpose in mind and give it fit consideration. By this method a diligent student of fair ability should be able to obtain both his college and his technical degree in five, or at most six, years after he enters as freshman. Otherwise his work may cost him seven, or even eight, years of his precious youth. Moreover, in all branches of natural science it is well for a young man to begin if possible not later than the nineteenth year, for thereby the peculiar habits of thought which are needed are formed while the mind is still plastic. At two and twenty, if untrained, the mind is often too rigid to be at its best for such work.

College-Trained Engineers

By W. H. Schuerman

Dean of the Engineering Department of Vanderbilt University

IN GIVING statistics regarding the success of students after graduation, it is customary to state them in the form of percentages of the total number of graduates, but the total number of graduates of the Engineering Department of Vanderbilt University is so small that this is hardly a fair way of presenting them. The School of Engineering was organized as one of the schools of the Academic Department of Vanderbilt University in 1880. In 1886 the School was advanced to a separate department. The total number of graduates to date is forty-eight. Of these, twenty-three are engaged in practical engineering work, six in engineering contracting, eight in teaching, two in manufacturing, and seven in other lines of work not connected with engineering. Two have died.

Among those engaged in engineering there are two city engineers, one assistant city engineer, one assistant railroad division superintendent, one chief engineer of a mining and furnace company, and one manager of a drill and machine company. Among the teachers there are two university professors of mathematics, one adjunct professor of mathematics in a school of technology, one university assistant in mathematics and astronomy, one instructor in drawing and surveying, and two high-school teachers of mathematics; those engaged in contracting have constructed bridges, waterworks, sewerage systems and electric-light plants at many points throughout the Southern and Southwestern States.

The above list shows that many graduates of Vanderbilt University Engineering Department are doing work requiring technical knowledge of a high order, the foundation of which knowledge was laid while the students were pursuing their course at college. As most men immediately after graduating must be satisfied with subordinate positions, it is also evident that advancement in position has been quite rapid in many cases.

Promptness in Securing Employment

The question as to how readily employment was obtained after graduation could only be answered by the men themselves; and to obtain this information letters were sent to thirty-eight graduates, the history of the others being sufficiently well known to the writer to render information from the men themselves unnecessary for the purpose of this article. To these letters seventeen replies have been received, ten from those at present engaged in engineering or contracting, four from those engaged in teaching, and three from those engaged in other lines of work. All of these state that they found ready employment, some before graduating, others immediately after. However, some of those who graduated in the dull years of '95 and '96, and to whom no letter was sent, are known to have waited some time after graduating before obtaining employment. The three at present engaged in other than engineering lines of work, who have answered the circular letter, state that they either had employment in engineering work or teaching immediately after graduation, or could have obtained it had they desired such work. Two of these three also state that they consider the engineering course the best they could have taken even if they were not following engineering as their life work. The third, a bank cashier, although very well satisfied with the course he took, thinks he should probably have done better had he substituted political economy, history, belles-lettres, etc., for technical engineering subjects.

In this as in most other schools only a small percentage of those attending reach graduation; quite a large number of men who were students of Vanderbilt University for two or three years are now engaged in engineering or contracting, their success being due to technical knowledge which they began to acquire as students. Many of our students have obtained practical engineering work during the vacation summer months. During the last two years we have had requests for more men than we have been able to supply, and the outlook for engineering employment in the South is more promising than it has been for several years.

All of those at present engaged in engineering, whose history is known, except some of those who graduated in '95 and '96, have had steady and remunerative employment since they graduated. Some report not doing engineering work during part of the time, but state that this was due to choice and not to lack of opportunity. In conclusion we may say that, as a rule, engineering graduates of Vanderbilt University, desiring to pursue engineering as a calling, have been able to obtain employment immediately or very soon after graduation, and that their technical education has been conducive to rapid advancement after securing positions.

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The Value of Technical Training

By Arthur S. Wright

Case School of Applied Science

CAN the technical school justify itself? The question is one of vital importance and the present investigation is timely. Not only are largely endowed technical schools springing up everywhere, but in State universities, and colleges in general, courses strictly scientific are being established. There is a marked tendency all along the line toward scientific education. Though the technical school, strictly so called, is young in the United States, it is old enough to give its *raison d'être*. And this justification must be twofold. It must demonstrate that it educates broadly, and that it educates efficiently. It must give affirmative answer to two questions: Does it train the mind and develop a full man? Does it fit men for actual service? The former is the more important and wider in scope. It is the answer to the latter—that of practical efficiency—to which THE SATURDAY EVENING POST addresses itself.

Two decades since, Case School of Applied Science was munificently endowed by the late Leonard Case, Jr., a citizen of Cleveland. The largeness of his bequest is evidence that he foresaw, what is preëminently true, that technical education must needs be expensive. Under the wisest possible administration, it has been found that it actually costs nearly $400 per annum for each student in the institution, though the tuition is but $100.

Sixteen classes have been graduated, varying in number from five in 1885 to forty-two in 1900. The alumni roll now includes two hundred and seventy-one names. A noteworthy fact is that, excepting post-graduate students, there are hardly a half dozen of these men not engaged in strictly professional work. A study of the alumni roll, excluding the last class, gives the following results: twenty-five men are engaged in the teaching of physics, chemistry, engineering, etc, in universities, colleges, high schools and academies. There are graduates on the faculties of the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard University, Western Reserve University, Colorado School of Mines, and Case School.

By far the larger number are receiving salaries from corporations, among which may be mentioned those engaged in the mining of gold, silver and copper; in the manufacture of iron, steel and cements; in railroad and telephone construction, and in shipbuilding. In these companies, most of which represent large capital, five are managers, eight superintendents, four presidents or vice-presidents, two inspectors, three secretaries and treasurers, three chief or assistant engineers. A goodly number are also employed in chemistry, electricity and civil engineering as consulting engineers.

Two are proprietors of companies, twenty-two are draftsmen, eighteen are engaged in independent professional work. Only three have entered business. Nine are serving the United States Government in the following positions: assistant in the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey; commander of a United States steamer engaged in Coast and Geodetic Survey; assistant naval inspector of building material; assistant geologist, United States Geological Survey; United States civil engineer; first sergeant, United States Volunteers; assistant inspector of ordnance, United States Army; assistant in the United States Weather Bureau; paymaster's assistant, United States Army.

Of course, it would be easy to select from the alumni list names of some who occupy high positions of trust, but that would prove nothing regarding the value of technical education. A fairer method is to take the names consecutively, or nearly so, and indicate the positions held. The first three classes numbered eighteen men, and the following positions may be noted: chief engineer of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, Pittsburg; general manager of the People's Gas Light Company, Cleveland; owner of a branch of an optical company, Mexico; professor of chemistry, Western Reserve Medical College; superintendent of safe deposit vaults, Savings and Trust Company, Cleveland; president, Horix Manufacturing Company; manager, United States Carbon Company, Cleveland; assistant chief engineer, Brown Hoisting and Conveying Machine Company, Cleveland; superintendent, Elwell-Parker Electric Company, Cleveland; professor of civil engineering, Case School; vice-president, United States Carbon Company; professor of chemistry, Englewood High School; professor of chemistry and metallurgy, Case School. Of the eighteen, only one appears in the Case catalogue without position noted; the remainder are civil, mechanical and electrical engineers.

In recent years the demand for Case men has been unprecedented. There are always more positions than men. Mining engineers are just now in special demand, and are, in many instances, reaping large financial rewards; and justly so, for one who, in addition to his knowledge of mining proper, is trained in mechanical and electrical engineering, is a much more valuable man than the old-time miner.

As to financial results, the graduate of a technical school generally receives from sixty to seventy-five dollars per month at first, with an increase proportional to his ability and energy. Two thousand dollars and upward per annum may reasonably be expected after a few years of experience.

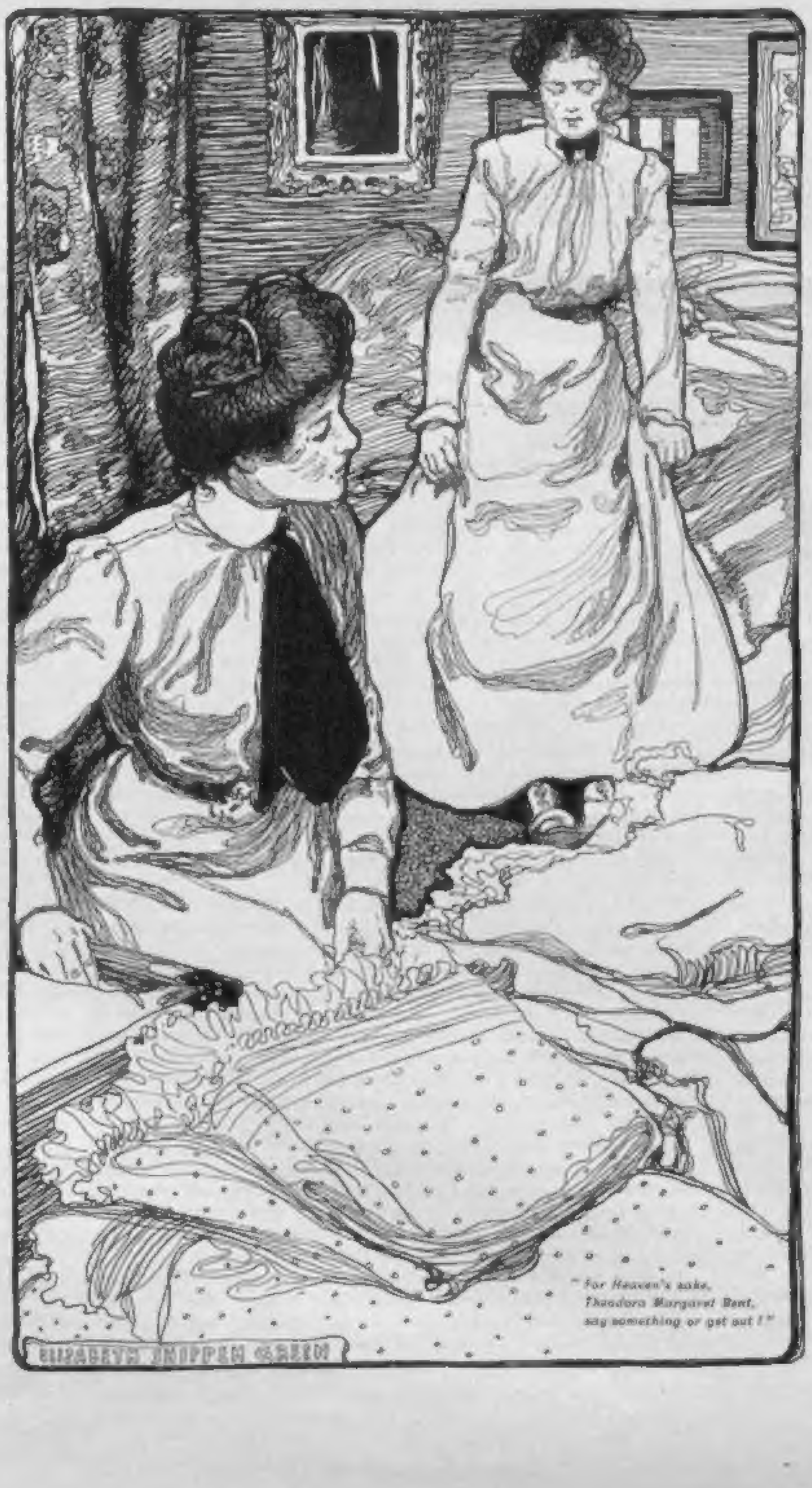
The larger question, as to whether the technical school really educates, receives partial answer in these practical results. The affirmative can, however, easily be made stronger. No one can breathe the atmosphere of such an institution, examine the splendid equipment, observe the laboratory practice—above all, witness the zeal and enthusiasm with which students pursue their various lines of study and experiment—without being convinced that such training is a real gain to the educational interests of our country.

Two facts are already demonstrated by the history of technical schools. First: The training is of practical value; men are fitted for immediate entrance upon their professional work. Moreover, under present conditions the student is practically guaranteed a position on graduation—a matter of moment to the young man who cannot spend more than four years in the pursuit of higher studies. Second: The training is broad enough to fit men to adjust themselves to new conditions and to rise in their professions.

The Adventures of an Uncle

A Smith College Story

By Josephine Dodge Daskam



"For Heaven's sake, Theodora Margaret Bent, say something or get out!"

"AND the dearest thing in the world, as you might say!" concluded Miss Gillatt, helping herself to a lettuce sandwich.

"I adore a gray-haired man who isn't really old," said Miss Wyckoff thoughtfully; "it looks so exciting and so—oh, it makes their eyes so—so——"

"Yes, indeed, and that's just the way Uncle Jimmie's eyes are! But he's old, Ursula; he's forty-two, you know. You can say anything to him, and that's such a comfort."

"Like a doctor," mused Ursula. "My sister married one, and I never had such fascinating conversation with anybody——"

Dodo dropped a leaf of berries and shook out her skirts, folding her hands primly and assuming a look of gleaming intelligence.

"The parlor: midnight: Ursula and her brother-in-law on a sofa!" she announced. Then very gushingly: "'Oh, William dear, how *wildly* interesting! And now tell me about measles; how soon do the symptoms appear? How does it differ from spinal meningitis? Could a parrot have it?'" With an air of heavy solemnity: "'Your intelligent and stimulating questions, dear Ursula, delight me beyond words. As to the disease to which you refer, ——'"

Her pompous earnestness was unspeakably funny and their laughter drowned the rest. Ursula alone remained calm.

"You mistake the character of our conversations, my child," she remarked placidly. "They're quite different, I assure you."

They were taking supper on the back campus in a rural mood. Dodo, an awkward, big-boned creature, with a humorous homely face, sprawled across the roots of a tree, displaying large worn tan boots and a short skirt of ugly length. Ursula, in blue dotted piqué, with blue stockings, the latest fad in blue bandanna four-in-hands, and an immaculate white walking hat with a blue scarf, looked like a picture of the "well-dressed woman in the country." Miss Gillatt and Caroline, broad-shouldered, tanned, shirt-waisted and golf-booted, were of the type most popular with Visiting Parents. "A fine, all-round, well-developed, healthy, clever girl, sir! Look at those shoulders! I tell you, education's a fine thing for girls nowadays!"

It was the last of May, and, as the season was early, very hot. Commencement was not yet in the air, examinations were still distant, the spring was most enticing, and they loafed about and occupied themselves chiefly with being fond of the college. Nan had elaborated a theory that in case they should die prematurely they would undoubtedly regret having failed to utilize artistically the four Northampton spring terms that were theirs by right, so they avoided this sad possibility by driving, walking and picnicking industriously.

To-day they were more silent than usual. Nan watched the clouds vaguely; Dodo was in one of her histrionic moods when only paraphrases of her friends indicated her power of speech; Ursula was in one of her rare fits of cynicism; and Caroline, who was quite accustomed to playing audience to the other three, waited for them comfortably and ate animal crackers meanwhile, a favorite article of diet with her.

"I think he's had experiences and things," Nan continued, aiming berries at Dodo's expectant mouth, "and you always feel he understands, you know, and——"

"Understands what?" interrupted Ursula, with the nearest approach to a snap that a person of almost perfect manners can be guilty of making. Nan stared sleepily at her.

"Why *you*, you know—women. He's the kind that calls you 'little girl'——"

"And a most disgusting kind, from my point of view—*n'est-ce-pas*, Dodo?" remarked Ursula calmly.

"Nobody calls me that, honey, so I don't know. I'm not that kind, mesilf."

"Thank Heaven!"

"—and knows what you mean without your saying it," continued Nan, "and has that little jolly twinkle (if you'll sit more sideways, Caroline, my lamb, I can put my head in your lap), and is always ready for a spree and manages one so nicely! You miss all that up here, somehow——"

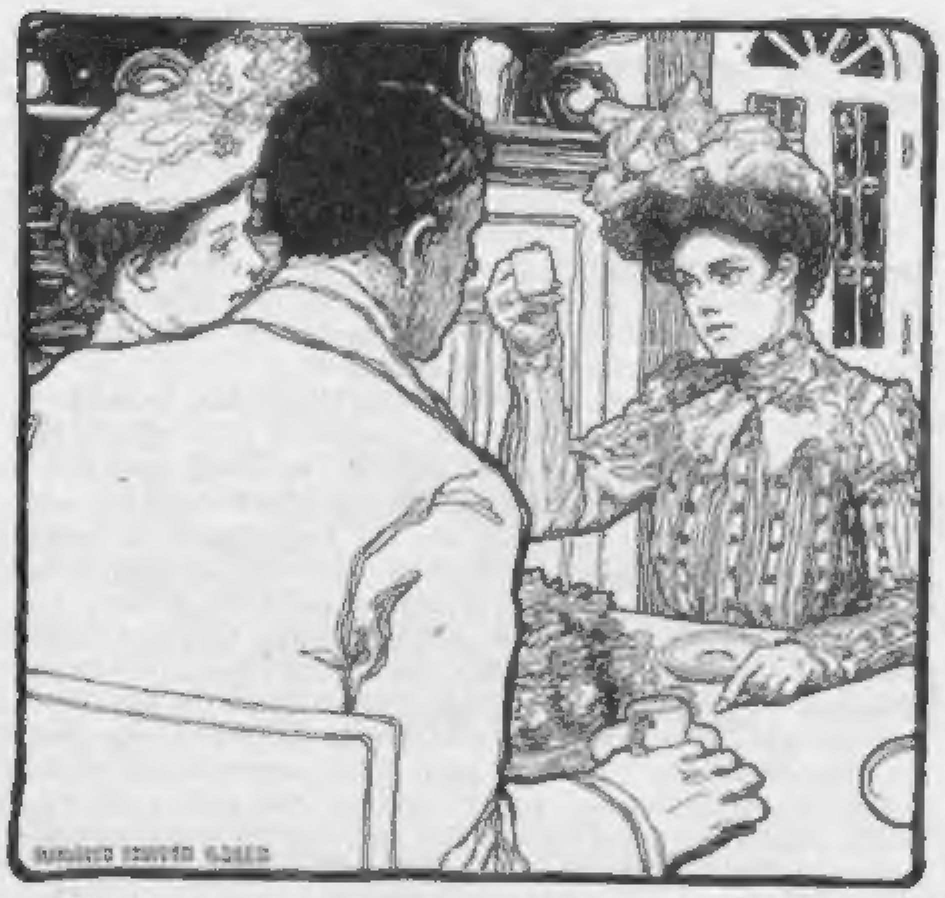
"Oh, dear! Now we've got to take her through it!" murmured Ursula. "Why didn't you say in the beginning, Nan, that you felt this way? When you get *ewige weibliche* you're always worse out here or in Paradise! Who is it? Don't say it's that idiotic youth that walked up the back of my gray crêpon!"

"If you mean Stanley Hewlitt, he's far from idiotic: he drew three honors and the Stafford Prize Essay. And if you *will* wear a train as long as you are——"

"There, then, don't scrap!" interposed Caroline, the peacemaker. "If Nan wants the little youths, let her have 'em—what's the odds, so long as she's happy? And she doesn't have 'em often. She's very reasonable."

"Only in the spring—when they're *lightly turning*, I suppose," murmured Ursula.

The picture of Mr. Hewlitt lightly turning to anything—he was six feet two and very massive—affected the quartette similarly and simultaneously, and they burst into laughter.



"If it is a question of youth, Mr. Deane, why, drink to us only with thine eyes"

"Just the same, Stan. Hewlitt's a fine-looking man. I wouldn't have a man a scrap smaller. I detest little men: snappy tempers, and so suspicious. When I marry ——"

"He must be enormous," interrupted Ursula.

"He must prefer hotels to housekeeping," said Caroline quickly.

"He must wear a long top coat," added Dodo earnestly.

And then in a solemn chorus they intoned with a unanimity born of long practice:

"He must have three syllables in his name and never touch onions in any form!"

This ceremony over they looked at her politely.

"You were saying ——" suggested Ursula.

"Oh, very well! If it amuses you to make such idiots of yourselves, keep it up, do! When you get in that state ——"

"*We* aren't in any state that I know of," said Caroline placidly. "We ——"

"'Speaking of soup tureens, let's have some pie!'" interrupted Nan; "here comes the angel, now! Dear Uncle James, how-do-you-do? And kindly inform me how you got here."

Dear Uncle James removed his soft hat, displaying crisp silvery hair over a pair of young dark eyes, and sat down gracefully beside his niece.

"A charming young lady—a *very* charming young lady, dressed in pink with a kind of fringe-y trimming—most taking and dangly, I assure you—said that by going right ahead and looking for four girls eating to beat the band, I couldn't fail to find you. I see no band, but," with a comprehensive glance at the remains of the feast, "I judge that you have beaten it!"

"We have had a very pleasant luncheon," rejoined his niece, "but there is always room for one more, you know! Let me introduce my Uncle Jimmie Deane, Miss Bent, Miss Wyckoff, Miss Wilde. He is a very nice old party, I assure you all."

As Dodo expressed it later, it was just as if he hadn't been there—they had so much fun. Dodo disliked men; she found them a great waste of time.

"But Mr. Deane hasn't any airs," she explained. Ursula laughed.

"You old silly, it's just because he has so *much* air that he's so nice," she said. "And then, he's older, too. He hasn't got to be conscious all the time. It's boys you hate, Dody. You like the fathers, you know."

"That's true," Dodo agreed. "There's Mr. Gillatt and Mr. Bradford and your Dad—I love 'em all. But Mr. Deane, somehow, makes me think of a boy, too; he isn't exactly like a father. There's a sort of difference ——"

Ursula laughed aloud.

"I should say there was!" she said. "He's just Nan, grown up and turned into a man. I never knew where she got her ways—she's not a bit like her father, you know. Well, I suppose we shan't see much of her now. He's too fascinating to go shares in."

And so for a while it seemed. Uncle Jimmie hung around the steps of the Main Building till Nan came out of chapel, learned her schedule for the day, and turned up at ten minutes past various hours with remarkable facility. They walked in Paradise and drove to Old Hadley and dined at queer places that Uncle Jimmie discovered. In the intervals he "snooped about," as he said, and collected "mental snapshots of the menagerie." It all interested him vastly. His descriptions of her mates were a never-ending joy to Nan and those favored few to whom she retailed them.

"Who is that tall, pompous person whose clothes match her hair and who feels the terrible responsibility of holding up the place, my sweet child? 'If I am taken, Heaven help poor Smith!' she shudders."

"Oh, lovely! That's Esther Everetts. She's President of the Council."

"She's really more like a parade than one person walking, isn't she? I always want to throw up my hat and cheer when she goes by—she takes quite an appreciable time to pass a given point, as it were!"

Coming out from History she would be grabbed at the steps and begged to look at the fourth girl from the one in the queer-looking waist.

"Oh, there—you've missed her! Never mind. She's big—of a bigness I never saw, with dark red hair and a cream-colored skin ——"

"That must be Frances B. Northrop."

"And such a calm superiority, such a placidity, such a self-possession ——"

"Oh, Evangeline! Evangeline it is, Uncle Jimmie. Do you think she's handsome?"

"Handsome? Of course—but no, she's not. And still—I don't know. Who is she? What does *she* do?"

"She just looks that way. Anybody else?"

"Yes, a little prize-fighter with twinkling little eyes and a little turn-up nose and her little fists in balls. She walks like a sailor on shore—and a whole basket of chips on her shoulder."

"That's Babe Stowe—Beecher Stowe, you know. She's sixteen. They put her off the freshman team because of her work, and the freshmen were simply wild. But Miss Kassan said her game was too rough, anyway."

"I think I'd rather play on her side, myself."

Ursula and Dodo were elaborating, unknown to Nan, a most artistic *brochure* with burnt-leather covers and parchment leaves, each page bearing one of Ursula's inimitable caricatures of Uncle Jimmie's word portraits, with his remarks done in the exquisite Old English script that Dodo's big fingers could trace so rapidly and surely.

Esther, Evangeline and the Babe, with a dozen others, were there: the poster girl, in the long-waisted red golf jacket; the artistic blonde with red-gold hair and a Canton-blue blouse; the plump and jolly president of the alphabetical religious organization—Uncle Jimmie called it the Y. P. S. C. M. A. W. C. T. U.—who was so preëminently and professionally cheery and bright that one yearned to throw a plate at her; the wide-eyed genius, smiling fraternally at the big cast of Shakespeare and murmuring "Hello!" to the head of the Literature Department; the music student, with the small waist and the high pompadour who said: "I beg your pardon, but will you please repeat the quotation?" till the class giggled when her name was called; all these adorned the leaves of Uncle Jimmie's book.

It was to have been saved till the elastic date of his departure, but it leaked out, and Nan could not wait. So he saw it the moment it was done and pronounced it with a gratifyingly judicious air absolutely the cleverest thing he had ever seen. On the strength of it he gave a drive around the Notch and a seven-course dinner at Boyden's.

"Five is a nasty number, and six looks like a Sunday-school picnic," Nan complained. "Somebody must cut the drive. I'd stay, but they wouldn't have it. So you must pick out the favored two, dear Uncle James."

This dear Uncle James flatly refused to do. "We can't spare one," he said politely. "That heavenly Dodo—she must come or we'd be dull. I don't see what you'd do without Caroline to listen to you, Nan, do you? You can't talk to the horses. And ——"

He paused. "Then you don't want Ursula?"

"Why, Nan, how ridiculous! Why on earth shouldn't I want Miss Wyckoff? You yourself suggested ——"

"I suggested leaving somebody out, but I never imagined 'twould be Ursula. You are the strangest man, Uncle Jimmie! Of all people, I should expect you to fall in love with Ursula—everybody does. And you haven't liked her from the first."

"What nonsense!"

"Not at all—you haven't. We've all noticed it. Only last night we were saying ——"

"For Heaven's sake! Nan, have you suggested to Miss Wyckoff ——"

"Oh, there, there! Calm yourself, dear. I haven't, of course. But why don't you like her? Don't you think she's clever?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"I know she isn't pretty, but she's so well-dressed and her figure is lovely, though she is so small—I thought you liked small women?"

"She's a very stylish girl."

"And she's older, too, and I thought you'd like that. I know we get awfully kiddish sometimes, but Ursula never does."

"Ah! little women are always dignified. Is she much older than the average?"

"She's a little over twenty-four. You see, she didn't intend to come to college, and she had finished at one of the big boarding-schools, and then suddenly decided to come."

"I see; it's your drive, my dear, and you will ask just whom *you* please. I only thought that Caroline seemed particularly your chum, and ——"

"Oh, bless you, that's all right! She's assisting in Lab, now, anyway, and I don't believe she could come. So you'll have to put up with Ursula—you needn't sit with her ——"

"My dear girl, you rave—are your chocolate peppermints out? Shall I get some more?"

He strolled off the piazza toward the village, and Nan proceeded to devote the hour before luncheon to the comparison of three psychology notebooks.

She had more company and showed the effect of it less than any of her friends. This may have been, as they said, because she was so clever; or as those obviously jealous and uninvited to assist at the various functions maintained, because her guests were so charming and so sociably inclined that Nan's friends were only too glad to repair with all the assistance in their power the occasional educational breaches inevitably consequent to so much hospitality.

A rapid assimilation of Ursula's pointed flowing characters, Dodo's round business hand and Caroline's jotted formulæ and diagrams brought her to luncheon time, and with a pleased consciousness of being the envy and admiration of a tableful of maidens whose uncles rarely came to visit them and never stayed, she sailed into the dining-room.

Here a series of unfortunate events occurred. They had baked beans for luncheon, which she detested; the lady-in-charge inadvertently addressed her as "Annie," which alone was enough to cast a gloom over her day; and a criticism of her interpretation of her Dramatics part conveyed by one of her friends added the last irritating touch. She stalked gloomily from the room at the conclusion of the meal and approached the waiting carriage with what was known to the house as her Edwin Booth air. Dodo and Uncle Jimmie, utterly unconscious of the occasion for such a change of manner, tried in vain to win her back to ordinary terms of association. She derived great satisfaction from including them all in the condemnation, and with a vague feeling that it was no more than he deserved, she motioned Dodo to share the back seat of the carriage with her, leaving Ursula to mount beside the driver.

Remembering that he had not, in spite of his denials of any such discrimination, talked much with Ursula, she rather counted on Uncle Jimmie's maintaining a somewhat embarrassing silence, leaving Ursula to entertain him; but, far from justifying these sombre apprehensions, Uncle Jimmie seemed to have nerved himself to make the best of a bad bargain—his partiality for Dodo was well known—and positively outdid himself in charm and rattling gayety. At first he tried to draw Nan into it, as Dodo sat directly behind him, but his niece, though excessively polite, failed to take up his points and throw them back with her ordinary practiced ease, and at last, with an almost perceptible shrug, Uncle Jimmie gave up the attempt and devoted himself entirely to Ursula, who was looking her best in lavender and white, with a big white hat and small rosettes of lavender ribbon here and there.

His gallantry was highly successful. Ursula, who had hitherto confined her admiration of Uncle Jimmie's wit and wisdom to evening talks with Dodo, now displayed it openly, and when Ursula reached the intelligently appreciative point one was apt to discover that her eyes were fine. As Nan would not talk and Dodo was a little tired—she made up for Nan's dissipations by getting up at unchristian hours in the morning to study—they depended on bits of the front seat conversation to break the silence of the rear. One of these bits, a quick exclamation of Ursula's, caught Nan's attention.

"Oh, Mr. Deane, that's just it! That's just what I've always thought since I came here. But how did you see it so clearly? You must be more ——"

She broke off abruptly.

"More serious than you thought?" continued Uncle Jimmie placidly. "Well, perhaps I am, you know. It's a great mistake, Miss Wyckoff, to imagine that because a man makes fun of the great changes that women are going through nowadays he doesn't really feel terribly interested. Of course, *young* men ——" he paused. Nan knew by the tone that he was embarked on one of his half-droll, half-serious speculations, and it was on such occasions that the mixture of philosophy, intimacy and flattering frankness to which he treated his listener made Uncle Jimmie peculiarly fascinating. Nan leaned forward: her sulkiness vanished as quickly as it had come.

"Oh, talk louder, you people!" she cried eagerly. "We can't hear and we're *so* interested!"

Uncle Jimmie turned, and with the most delicious and apparently unconscious imitation of his niece's Vere-de-Vere accent replied with elaborate regret:

"So sorry! But I can't well turn because of the horses. I'm really extremely sorry!"

Dodo chuckled as his back appeared again; and the increased pace of the team, whereat the carriage rattled, rendered the voices ahead little more than a murmur.

Nan had the grace to smile, and as Dodo was tactful and talked from time to time, she slowly recovered her ordinary manner. But Uncle Jimmie was lost to her. Dodo and he exchanged a word now and then, but Nan knew that she was being punished and tried to take it as gracefully as might be.

At the dinner which followed nobody knew which to admire the more, Uncle Jimmie or Ursula. Usually a little reserved, she came out wonderfully when she was deeply interested, and now that she really knew Uncle Jimmie she was interested beyond a doubt. It was she, not Nan, who took up his most characteristic sallies, and it was soon apparent that for conversation they might depend upon these two. It seemed as if Uncle Jimmie wanted to make up for his previous indifference by the noticeable attention he paid her, and Ursula's ease under the combined scrutiny of her new and old friends recalled to them, as something occasionally did, her greater social experience and a training more varied than their own.

At the appearance of the coffee a sudden little gravity fell over them all.

"This is because," Ursula explained with a bright smile at Uncle Jimmie, "we are realizing that regal as all this is, we don't get the thrill that we got when we sat up after ten, freshman year, to make fudge in a chafing-dish. It's ridiculous, but I think I was more scared then than I ever was in my life—you remember, Nan?"

"I do, indeed. We were at Miss Whipple's, freshman year, Uncle Jimmie, and she was so strict! I thought I should be flayed alive if she caught me. It was such fun!"

"Actually, I had such lumps in my throat, I couldn't swallow my fudge!" continued Ursula. "I quaked in every limb. Now I don't want to sit up to make it. If I did I shouldn't be afraid, anyhow. This is so conventional, so suitable, so approved of by every one. Why, even Mrs. Austin smiled on me when I told her, and said what a pleasant time we were having, and that she thought it did everybody good to eat a meal occasionally in a different place! Wasn't that terribly reasonable? There isn't any really sinful thing to do—there are no rules that it would be only sensible to break. I wish there were. It's rules that make such charming sins!"

"And all the commandments put premiums on vice!" added Uncle Jimmie sympathetically. "Poor girls! Where are the sins of yesteryear? Isn't there anything we could do?"

"Nothing at all," returned Ursula decidedly. "Dodo and I have lain awake nights thinking over every possible thing.

Once we even went to Springfield and went to the theatre and stayed over night at a hotel, but ——"

"It wasn't all their fancy painted," said Nan with a grin. "At dinner Ursula saw a man that she knew, and coming back after the play she saw him, too, and she thought he looked surprised and she was overcome with remorse ——"

"Not at all. I merely felt ——"

"You felt dreadfully, Ursula," Dodo interrupted, "and you talked all night about what he probably thought."

"Dear me," observed Uncle Jimmie, "that young man had a great deal on his shoulders."

"Oh, he wasn't a young man," explained Nan. "Ursula scorns them. About forty, she says. That's why —" with an audacious wink at Uncle Jimmie, recalling his brief replies to her panegyrics on Ursula's charms — "that's why she likes you!"

Ursula looked as nearly embarrassed as anybody ever saw her, and Uncle Jimmie, with the courteous ease that distinguished him in any such situation, raised his coffee-cup.

"In that case, here's to plenty of rules and a fascinating crime attached to every one!" he exclaimed. "If any one so aged as myself may presume to share the toast," he added — "Crabbed age and youth, you know ——"

Ursula shot a queer glance at Nan.

"Oh, youth!" she said lightly. "If it is a question of youth, Mr. Deane, why, drink to us only with thine eyes!"

This felicitous appreciation of the discrepancy between Uncle Jimmie's eyes and hair evoked actual applause, and as Nan admitted was well worth the look he gave her for it.

The day after the dinner Uncle Jimmie was called to New York, but he left solemn promises for all Commencement week, and the flowers and candy that filled the hall table after his departure softened the blow materially. Nan regretted a little that he had not been better able to keep up his later attitude toward Ursula in his parting presents. While Dodo was overwhelmed by the appearance of some beautiful orchids — she had characteristically complained that she rarely got flowers, and had never, like a real lady, drawn any orchids from her admirers — and Nan reveled in an immense bunch of the English violets Uncle Jimmie never failed to get for her in all seasons, and Caroline's American Beauties scented her hall for days, Ursula was obliged to content herself with pansies — an enormous box of them, to be sure, and each one richly colored, but at best not to be compared with the other tributes.

"That's just like a man, but not like Uncle Jimmie," Nan confided to Caroline. "Now what is it to her that pansies happen to be his favorite flower? They're not hers. Usually Uncle Jimmie's very canny about his presents — he gives you what *you* want; he's not like other relatives — but I suppose his invention gave out. After orchids and violets and American Beauties there's really nothing left."

They had all realized that Commencement week could not be in any sense a repetition of Uncle Jimmie's visit. But they had not allowed for the utter difference. The group, in fact, was very much broken up.

Dodo's father was a shy man and wanted to be alone with her; Caroline's family had never been in the town and had to be escorted everywhere; and Nan's relatives, from very acquaintance with persons and places, somehow demanded more attention than as if they had had only Nan to talk to. That, at least, was her explanation of why her time was so almost completely taken up.

Ursula's father and mother and little sister came up for one day only, however, and as she had no other guests she was mistress of her time to an unusual extent. This Nan realized — as indeed did all her friends — and besought her to "go and play with my loved ones! I know Uncle Jimmie is bored to death — I'm so disappointed not to see more of him — I don't get a minute to myself! It's horrid not to see you girls at all, just horrid! Do be nice to him, Ursula; you're about the only free person he knows."

"But perhaps he'd rather ——"

"Oh, dear, no! He sees enough of the rest of them. This isn't Thanksgiving, you know, and family reunions at Commencement are ghastly, I think."

The week was over at last, and the relatives drifted away and the lanterns were pulled down, and the road to the Opera House was no longer filled with people in veils and party cloaks. Gardeners, carpenters and cleaning-women lorded it everywhere, and the few college people that stayed over for any reason loved each other dearly, they were so rare.

The four, with two others, were going directly to Nan's summer home in Sconset, and were as tired and cross and nervous as important seniors ought to be.

"I know I'm as ugly as sin, and I'm better off alone," Nan said frankly, and they all agreed to pack by themselves.

So when Dodo came into the single room that Nan had lived in three years, and sat on the bed very much in the way, glowering at nothing, Nan, worn out in the effort to pack two party gowns, a tennis racquet and a large bath sponge into an already overflowing tray, was divided between rage at the interruption and amazement at Dodo's very unusual attitude.

"For Heaven's sake, Theodora Margaret Bent, say something or get out!" she cried at last. "What is the matter with you? You can't live here always, you know! There, you've been sitting on my bath-wrapper all the time! Why didn't you say so?"

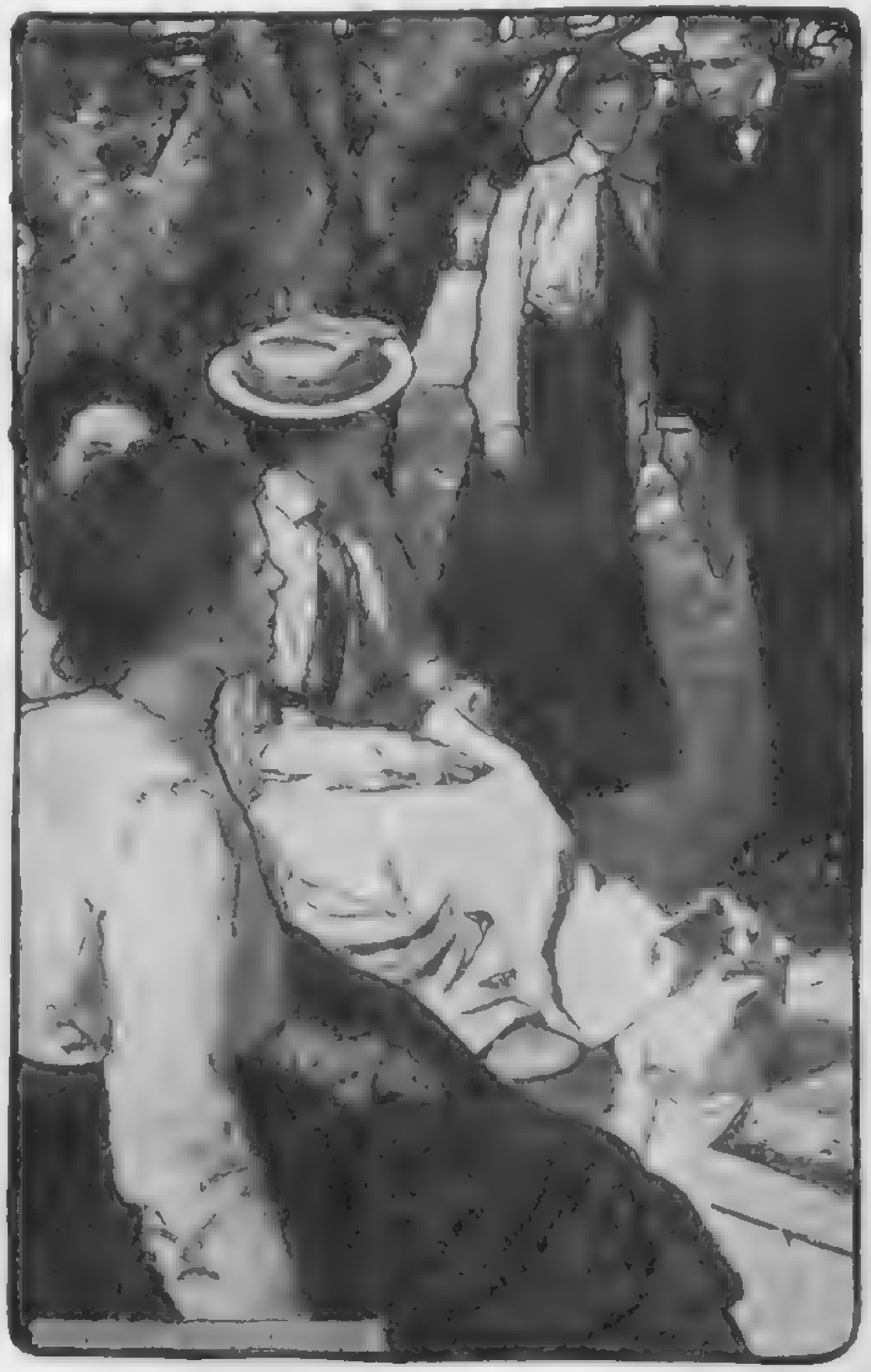
Dodo handed her the wrapper with no answer but a sigh.

"Are you sick?" Nan demanded, less ungraciously. "Is anything wrong?"

"I should say there — No, of course not. There's nothing wrong. But you'll be very much surprised. I have to tell you, because otherwise Ursula won't come —"

"Now what nonsense is this? Why won't she come? If it's because of poor Uncle Jimmie I must say Ursula's very childish. She needn't see him much anyhow. There's no earthly reason why they shouldn't like each other. I think it's the strangest thing ——"

"But you don't understand, I say! She *does* like him."



"Let me introduce my Uncle Jimmie Deane, Miss Bent, Miss Wyckoff, Miss W[illegible]. He's a very nice old party, I assure you all"

"Well, then, what's the row?" demanded Nan sharply.

"And — and he likes her!" was the halting response.

Dodo's awkward, constrained manner struck deeper than her words. Nan sat down abruptly.

"What do you mean?" she said shortly.

"They are — they are in love with each other!" Dodo blurted out defiantly.

Nan sat perfectly still, and the little clock sounded too loud for belief for a few seconds. Presently she began to talk in a dazed way.

"Why — why, he doesn't like — she never said — I don't believe it! Who said so?"

"Ursula herself told me," was the reply.

Nan stared at her. "When did she say that?"

"Last night. She knew how you'd feel. She's all cut up about it, but she says it's all your fault."

"My fault?"

"Yes. When she saw him the very first time she thought he was the nicest man she ever saw. And he thought she was too. I don't mean the nicest man, of course. And he was afraid he'd be — afraid he'd — he didn't wish to, you know, because she was too young, he thought, and so he tried not to think about it. And she did, too — she thought of course he'd never care for her. Then you acted so that day we went to drive, and they were so disgusted with you they just let go. That began it. He thought she was just clever and not anything else, and that's what she thought about him, and that day they found out that there was more to them — each other, I mean — and even then he was going away, and you told him that evening that she liked older men, and it irritated her and she said that thing about his eyes and then they knew it was so ——"

"How do *you* know what he thought all the time?"

"He told Ursula," said Dodo simply. Nan moved impatiently.

"Go on," she said.

"Then he sent her a letter in those flowers, and said that of course he was too old and it was too much to ask — and she says she wouldn't marry anybody a week younger — and at Commencement you kept teasing her to entertain him, and she said she felt like such a sneak, because she wanted to, and he took her out in a canoe, and then she said she did, and ——"

"She *did?*"

"Why, yes. Liked him, you know. And she says that not unless you forgive her and are willing. She knows how fond you are of him. She knew how you'd feel."

"We were going to be together — I was going to be his housekeeper — Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

Nan burst into nervous tears and the bed shook.

Dodo patted her head, gulping occasionally herself.

"It's all so different now," she said jerkily; "it seems as if the college were all over now. I had an idea we'd just keep on, somehow, the same way. Of course I was a fool. But she's awfully fond of him, Nan."

There was no answer.

"And you ought to remember, Nan, that you egged them on, really."

Nan's sobs shaded off into hysterical giggles.

"Did you ever know anything so funny?" she gasped. "*I* kept telling him how nice she was! *I* told him she was older. *I* told him everything! Did you ever know such a fool? And we never knew, we never suspected! How stupid we were!"

Dodo shook her head.

"*I* don't know how it's done," she said scornfully. "I supposed they sighed and languished, and all that, when they were that way. Caroline never knew either. But — but isn't it unusually quick?" she asked doubtfully.

Nan wiped her eyes and straightened her hair.

"They are neither of them what you'd call slow," she answered calmly. "I'm going in to see her. I'd rather she'd have him than anybody else, for that matter. And I'll tell you this, Dodo, that when *you* do it I'd prefer that you'd let me know when I begin to make a complete idiot of myself."

Dodo sniffed.

"Oh! me!" she said expressively.

"I know where they'll go — to Algiers!" Nan burst out. "He was going to take me. And Ursula gets dreadfully seasick."

She reached the door.

"If I happen to say that I knew it all the time, or anything like that, you're to keep still," she remarked.

With her hand on the door knob she paused again.

"All is not lost!" she cried. "I can't very well say Aunt Ursula, and I shall call him Jimmie! I've always wanted to!"

Ursula met her in the hall and Dodo heard them talking excitedly and both at once.

"Put it on — Put it on, I tell you!"

Nan's voice reached her.

"The [illegible]! Of course I am! You were made for each other. Wait till he comes and see me do the bless-you-my-children act."

Her voice grew fainter down the hall. "Oh, see the pansies," Dodo just heard. "What an extravagant Jimmie!"

Dodo took up Nan's packing and completed the tray. As she sat on the lid, bouncing up and down in a businesslike way, with a towel in her hand for a handkerchief — Ursula seemed so far away from them, suddenly — she sighed.

"I suppose they'll all come to it sooner or later!" she murmured; "all!"

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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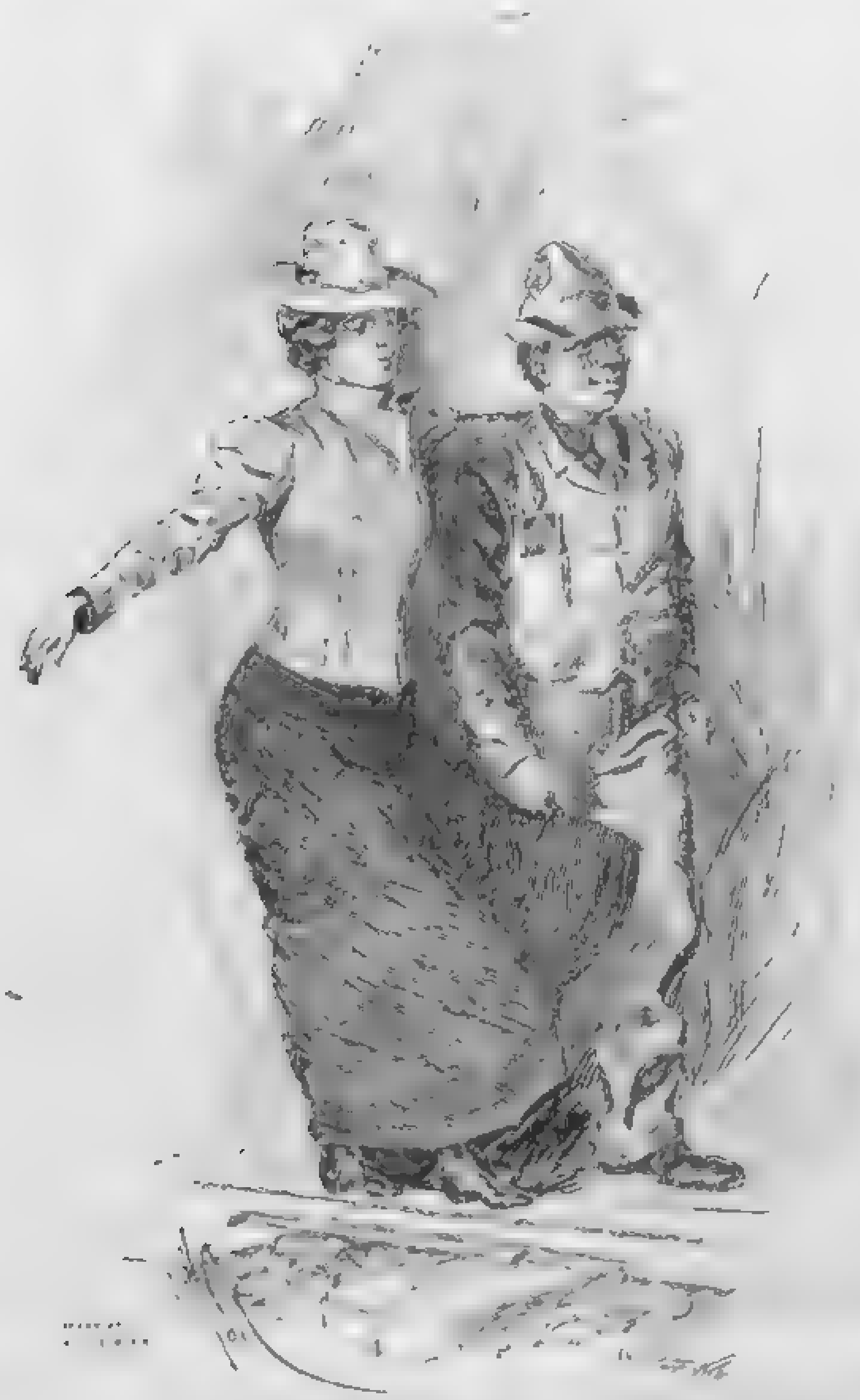


— she came into view through an opening, . . . trying to walk on the rail, one arm thrown out to balance, the other resting across Max's shoulders

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters — After weeks of costly delay, Bannon, foreman for MacBride & Company, of Minneapolis, has been sent to supersede Peterson and rush the work on Calumet K, an unfinished grain elevator on the outskirts of Chicago. Enormous loss can be prevented only by the completion of the elevator before January 1, for the chief aim in building it is to enable Page & Company to deliver the two million bushels of December wheat with which they are planning to break the threatened corner. The time is already short and the work has fallen far behind — partly through the incompetence of Peterson, and partly through the sympathy of the G. & M. Railroad officials, who, to help out the "bulls," have furthered their interests by holding back a heavy shipment of lumber which is to be used in the construction of the elevator. The indefatigable Bannon has already brought order out of chaos. He has got enough lumber for immediate use by hauling it 'cross country to the lake, whence it has been brought to the work by barge; he has laid bare the plot of the railroad men and secured cars for the remaining lumber; he has dealt diplomatically with Grady, the walking delegate who tried to engineer a strike, and has put on three shifts of men, so as to work twenty-four hours a day. The work is forging ahead faster than ever, but new obstacles have arisen, and Peterson, now the assistant foreman, has become jealous.

EIGHTH CHAPTER

FIVE minutes after the noon whistle blew, on Saturday, every carpenter and laborer knew that Bannon had "pulled a gun" on Reilly. Those who heard it last heard more than that, for when the story had passed through a few hands it was bigger and it took longer to tell. And every man, during the afternoon, kept his eyes more closely on his work. Some were angry, but these dropped from muttering into sullenness; the majority were relieved, for a good workman is surer of himself under a firm than under a slack hand; but all were cowed. And Bannon, when after dinner he looked over the work, knew more about all of them and their feelings, perhaps, than they knew themselves. He knew, too, that the incident might in the long run make trouble. But trouble was likely in any case, and it was better to meet it after he had established his authority than while discipline was at loose ends.

But Hilda and Max were disappointed. They were in the habit of talking over the incidents and problems of the day every night after supper. And though Hilda, as Max used to say, had a mind of her own, she had fallen into the habit of seeing things much as Max saw them. Max had from the start admired, in his boyish way, Peterson's big muscles and his easy good nature. He had been the first to catch the new spirit that Bannon had got into the work, but it was more the outward activity that he could understand and admire than Bannon's finer achievement in organization. Like Hilda, he did not see the difference between dropping a hammer down a bin and overloading a hoist. Bannon's distinctions between running risks in order to push the work and using caution in minor matters was not recognized in their talks. And as Bannon was not in the habit of giving his reasons, the misunderstanding grew. But more than all Max felt, and in a way Hilda felt, too, that Peterson would never have found it necessary to use a revolver; his fists would have been enough for a dozen Reillys. Max did not tell Hilda about all the conversations he and Peterson had had during the last week, for they were confidential. Peterson had never been without a confidant, and though he still shared a room with Bannon, he could not talk his mind out with him. Max, who to Bannon was merely an unusually capable lumber-checker, was to Peterson a friend and adviser. And though Max tried to defend Bannon when Peterson fell into criticism of the way the work was going, he was influenced by it.

During the few days after the accident, Hilda was so deeply distressed about the injured man that Max finally went to see him.

"He's pretty well taken care of," he said when he returned. "There's some ribs broken, he says, and a little fever, but it ain't serious. He's got a couple of sneaking little lawyers around trying to get him to sue for damages, but I don't think he'll do it. The Company's giving him full pay and all his doctor's bills."

Nearly every evening after that Max took him some little delicacy. Hilda made him promise that he would not tell who sent them.

Bannon had quickly caught the changed attitude toward him, and for several days kept his own counsel. But one morning, after dictating some letters to Hilda, he lingered.

"How's our fund getting on?" he said, smiling. "Have you looked lately?"

"No," she said, "I haven't."

He leaned over the railing and opened the box.

"It's coming slow," he said, shaking his head. "Are you sure nobody's been getting away from us?"

Hilda was seated before the typewriter. She turned partly around, without taking her fingers from the keys.

"I don't know," she said quietly. "I haven't been watching it."

"We'll have to be stricter about it," said Bannon. "These fellows have got to understand that rules are rules."

He spoke with a little laugh, but the remark was unfortunate. The only men who came within the railing were Max and Peterson.

"I may have forgotten it, myself," she said.

"That won't do, you know. I don't know but what I can let you off this time — I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Vogel: I'll make a new rule that you can come in without wiping your feet if you'll hand in a written excuse. That's the way they did things when I went to school." He turned to go, then hesitated again. "You haven't been out on the job yet, have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"I rather think you'd like it. It's pretty work, now that we're framing the cupola. If you say so, I'll fix it for you to go up to the distributing floor this afternoon."

She looked back at the machine.

"The view ain't bad," he went on, "when you get up there. You can see down into Indiana, and all around. You could see all Chicago, too, if it wasn't for the smoke."

There was a moment's silence.

"Why, yes, Mr. Bannon," she said; "I'd like to go very much."

"All right," he replied, his smile returning. "I'll guarantee to get you up there somehow, if I have to build a stairway. Ninety feet's pretty high, you know."

When Bannon reached the elevator he stood for a moment in the well at the west end of the structure. This well, or "stairway bin," sixteen by thirty-two feet, and open from the ground to the distributing floor, occupied the space of two bins. It was here that the stairway would be, and the passenger elevator, and the rope-drive for the transmission of power from the working to the distributing floor. The stairway was barely indicated by rude landings. For the present a series of eight ladders zigzagged up from landing to landing. Bannon began climbing; half-way up he met Max, who was coming down, time-book in hand.

"Look here, Max," he said, "we're going to have visitors this afternoon. If you've got a little extra time I'd like to have you help get things ready."

"All right," Max replied. "I'm not crowded very hard to-day."

"I've asked your sister to come up to see the framing."

Max glanced down between the loose boards on the landing.

"I don't know," he said slowly; "I don't believe she could climb up here very well."

"She won't have to. I'm going to put in a passenger elevator, and carry her up as grand as the Palmer House. You put in your odd minutes between now and three o'clock making a box that's big and strong enough."

Max grinned.

"Say, that's all right. She'll like that. I can do most of it at noon."

Bannon nodded and went on up the ladders. At the distributing floor he looked about for a long timber, and had the laborers lay it across the well opening. The ladders and landings occupied only about a third of the space; the rest was open, a clear drop of eighty feet.

At noon he found Max in an open space behind the office, screwing iron rings into the corners of a stout box. Max glanced up and laughed.

"I made Hilda promise not to come out here," he said. He waved his hand toward the back wall of the office. Bannon turned and saw that he had nailed strips over the larger cracks and knot holes. "She was pecking, but I shut that off before I'd got very far along. I don't think she saw what it was. I only had part of the frame done."

"She'll be coming out in a minute," said Bannon.

"I know. I thought of that." Max threw an armful of burlap sacking over the box. "That'll cover it up enough. I guess it's time to quit, anyway, if I'm going to get any dinner. There's a little square of carpet up to the house that I'm going to get for the bottom and we can run pieces of half-inch rope from the rings up to a hook, and sling it right on the hoist."

"It's not going on the hoist," said Bannon. "I wouldn't stop the timbers for Mr. MacBride himself. When you go back you'll see a timber on the top of the well. I'd like you to sling a block under it and run an inch-and-a-quarter rope through. We'll haul it up from below."

"What power?"

"Man power."

"All right, Mr. Bannon. I'll see to it. There's Hilda now."

He called to her to wait while he got his coat, and then the two disappeared across the tracks. Hilda had bowed to Bannon, but without the smile and the nod that he liked. He looked after her as if he would follow; but he changed his mind, and waited a few minutes.

The "elevator" was ready soon after the afternoon's work had commenced. Bannon found time between two and three o'clock to inspect the tackle. He picked up an end of rope and lashed the cross-timber down securely. Then he went down the ladders and found Max, who had brought the carpet for the box, and was looking over his work. The rope led up to the top of the well through a pulley and then back to the working floor and through another pulley, so that the box could be hoisted from below.

"It's all ready," said Max. "It'll run up as smooth as you want."

"You'd better go for your sister, then," Bannon replied.

Max hesitated.

"You meant for me to bring her?"

"Yes, I guess you might as well."

Bannon stood looking after Max as he walked along the railroad track out into the open air. Then he glanced up between the smooth walls of cribbing that seemed to draw closer and closer together until they ended, far overhead, in a rectangle of blue sky. The beam across the top was a black line against the light. The rope, hanging from it, swayed lazily. He walked around the box, examining the rings and the four corner ropes, and testing them.

Hilda was laughing when she came with Max along the track. Bannon could not see her at first for the intervening rows of timbers that supported the bins. Then she came into view through an opening between two "bents" of timber, beyond a heap of rubbish that had been thrown at one side of the track. She was trying to walk on the rail, one arm thrown out to balance, the other resting across Max's shoulders. Her jacket was buttoned snugly up to the chin, and there was a fresh color in her face.

Bannon had called in three laborers to man the rope; they stood at one side, awaiting the order to haul away. He found a block of wood, and set it against the box for a step.

"This way, Miss Vogel," he called. "The elevator starts in a minute. You came pretty near being late."

"Am I going to get in that?" she asked; and she looked up, with a little gasp, along the dwindling rope.

"Here," said Max, "don't you say nothing against that elevator. I call it pretty grand."

She stood on the block, holding to one of the ropes, and looking alternately into the box and up to the narrow sky above them.

"It's awfully high," she said. "Is that little stick up there all that's going to hold me up?"

"That little stick is a ten-by-twelve," Max replied. "It would hold more'n a dozen of you."

She laughed, but still hesitated. She lowered her eyes and looked about the great dim space of the working story with its long aisles and its solid masses of timber. Suddenly she turned to Bannon, who was standing at her side, waiting to give her a hand.

"Oh, Mr. Bannon," she said, "are you sure it's strong enough? It doesn't look safe."

"I think it's safe," he replied quietly. He vaulted into the box and signaled to the laborers. Hilda stepped back off the block as he went up perhaps a third of the way, and then came down. She said nothing, but stepped on the block

"How shall I get in?" she asked, laughing a little but not looking at Bannon

"Here," said Bannon, "give us each a hand. A little jump'll do it. Max here'll go along the ladders and steady you if you swing too much. Wait a minute, though." He hurried out of doors, and returned with a light line, one end of which he made fast to the box, the other he gave to Max

"Now," he said, "you can guide it as nice as walking upstairs."

They started up, Hilda sitting in the box and holding tightly to the sides, Max climbing the ladders with the end of the line about his wrist. Bannon joined the laborers, and kept a hand on the hoisting rope

"You'd better not look down," he called after her

She laughed and shook her head. Bannon waited until they had reached the top, and Max had lifted her out on the last landing; then, at Max's shout, he made the rope fast and followed up the ladders.

He found them waiting for him, near the top of the well.

"We might as well sit down," he said. He led the way to a timber a few steps away. "Well, Miss Vogel, how do you like it?"

She was looking eagerly about; at the frame, a great skeleton of new timber, some of it still holding so much of the water of river and millyard that it glistened in the sunlight; at the moving groups of men, the figure of Peterson standing out about the others on a high girder, his arms knotted, and his neck bare, though the day was not warm; at the straining hoist, trembling with each new load that came swinging from somewhere below, to be hustled on to its place, stick by stick; and then out into the west, where the November sun was dropping, and around at the hazy flats and the strip of a river. She drew in her breath quickly and looked up at Bannon with a nervous little gesture

"I like it," she finally said, after a long silence, during which they had watched a big stick go up on one of the small hoists, to be swung into place and driven home on the dowel pins by Peterson's sledge.

"Isn't Pete a hummer?" said Max. "I never yet saw him take hold of a thing that was too much for him."

Neither Hilda nor Bannon replied to this, and there was another silence

"Would you like to walk around and see things closer to?" Bannon asked, turning to Miss Vogel

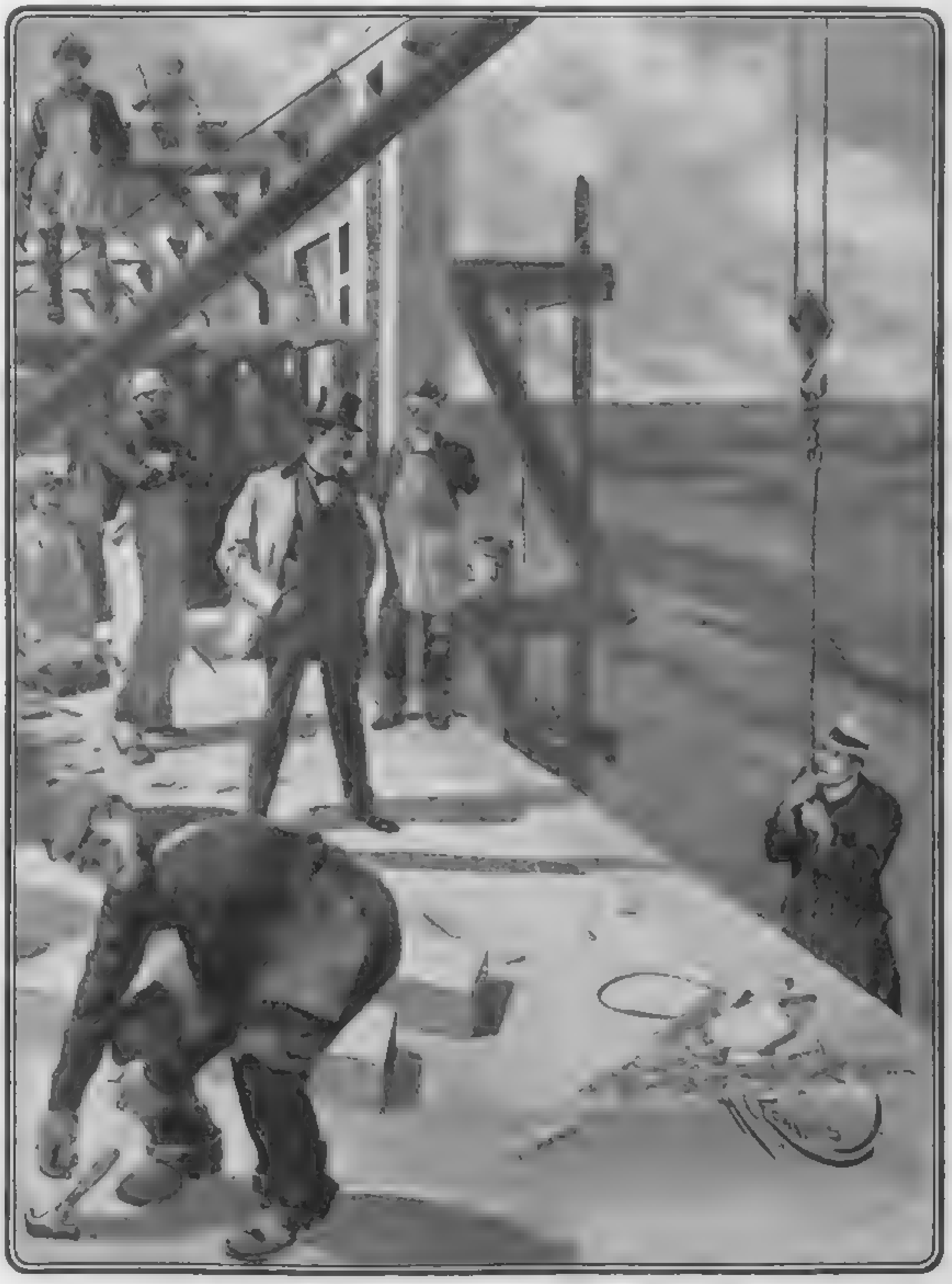
"I wouldn't mind. It's rather cold, sitting still."

He led the way along one side of the structure, guiding her carefully in places where the flooring was not yet secure.

"I'm glad you came up," he said. "A good many people think there's nothing in this kind of work but just sawing wood and making money for somebody up in Minneapolis. But it isn't that way. It's pretty, and sometimes it's exciting; and things happen every little while that are interesting enough to tell to anybody, if people only knew it. I'll have you come up a little later, when we get the house built and the machinery coming in. That's when we'll have things really moving There'll be some fun putting up the belt gallery, too. That'll be over here on the other side

He turned to lead the way across the floor to the north side of the building. They had stopped a little way from the boom-hoist, and she was standing motionless, watching as the boom swung out and the rope rattled to the ground There was the puffing of the engine far below, the straining of the rope, and the creaking of blocks as the heavy load came slowly up. Gangs of men were waiting to take the timbers the moment they reached the floor. The foreman of the hoist gang was leaning out over the edge, looking down and shouting orders.

Hilda turned with a little start and saw that Bannon was waiting for her. Following him, she picked her way between piles of planks and timber, and between groups of laborers and carpenters, to the other side. Now they could look down at the four tracks of the C. & S C., the unfinished spouting-house on the wharf, and the river.



we workingmen get along all right on this"

"Here's where the belt gallery will go," he said, pointing downward; "right over the tracks to the spouting-house They carry the grain on endless belts, you know."

"Doesn't it ever fall off?"

"Not a kernel. It's pretty to watch. When she gets to running we'll come up some day and look at it"

They walked slowly back toward the well Before they reached it Peterson and Max joined them Peterson had rolled down his sleeves and put on his coat

"You ain't going down now, are you?" he said. "We'll be starting in pretty soon on some of the heavy framing This is just putting in girders."

He was speaking directly to Miss Vogel, but he made an effort to include Bannon in the conversation by an awkward movement of his head. This stiffness in Peterson's manner when Bannon was within hearing had been growing more noticeable during the past few days.

"Don't you think of going yet," he continued with a nervous laugh, for Hilda was moving on. "She needn't be in such a rush to get to work, eh, Charlie?"

Hilda did not give Bannon a chance to reply.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Peterson," she said, smiling, "but I must go back, really. Maybe you'll tell me some day when you're going to do something special, so I can come up again

Peterson's disappointment was so frankly shown in his face that she smiled again. "I've enjoyed it very much," she said. She was still looking at Peterson, but at the last word she turned to include Bannon, as if she had suddenly remembered that he was in the party. There was an uncomfortable feeling, shown by all in their silence, and in their groping about for something to say

"I'll go ahead and clear the track," said Bannon. "I'll holler up to you, Max, when we're ready down below."

"Here," said Max, "let me go down."

But Bannon had already started down the first ladder

"The next time you come to visit us, Miss Vogel," he called back, "I guess we'll have our real elevator in, and we can run you up so fast it'll take your breath away. We'll be real swells here yet"

When he reached the working floor he called in the laborers, and shouted to Max. But when the box, slowly descending, appeared below the bin walls, it was Peterson who held the line and chatted with Hilda as he steadied her

The next day a lot of cribbing came from Ledyard, and Bannon at once set about reorganizing his forces so that work could go on night and day. He and Peterson would divide the time equally, into twelve-hour days; but three divisions were necessary for the men, the morning shift working from midnight until eight o'clock, the day shift from eight to four, and the night shift from four to midnight.

Finally, when the whistle blew, at noon, Bannon tipped back his chair and pushed his hat back on his head

"Well," he said, "that's fixed

"When will we begin on it?" Peterson asked

"To-day. Have the whistle blow at four. It'll make some of the men work over time to-day, but we'll pay them for it"

Miss Vogel was putting on her jacket Before joining Max, who was waiting at the door, she asked

"Do you want me to make any change in my work, Mr Bannon?"

"No; you'd better go ahead just as you are. We won't try to cut you up into three shifts yet a while. We can do what letters and accounts we have in the daytime."

She nodded and left the office

All through the morning's work Peterson had worn a heavy, puzzled expression, and now that they had finished he seemed unable to throw it off Bannon, who had risen, and was reaching for his ulster, which he had thrown over the railing, looked around at him

"You and I'll have to make twelve-hour days of it, you know," he said. He knew, from his quick glance and the expression almost of relief that came over his face, that this was what Peterson had been waiting for. "You'd better come on in the evening, if it's all the same to you — at seven I'll take it in the morning and keep an eye on it during the day."

Peterson's eyes had lowered at the first words. He swung one leg over the other and picked up the list of carpenters that Max had made out, pretending to examine it Bannon was not watching him closely, but he could have read the thoughts behind that sullen face. If their misunderstanding had arisen from business conditions alone Bannon would have talked out plainly. But now that Hilda had come between them, and particularly that it was all so vague — a matter of feeling, and not at all of reason — he had decided to say nothing It was important that he should control the work during the day, and coming on at seven in the morning he would have a hand on the work of all three shifts. He knew that Peterson would not see it reasonably; that he would think it was done to keep him away from Hilda. He stood leaning against the gate to hold it open, buttoning his ulster.

"Coming on up to the house, Pete?"

Peterson got down off the railing.

"So you're going to put me on the night shift," he said, almost as a child would have said it.

"I guess that's the way it's got to work out," Bannon replied. "Coming up?"

"No — not yet. I'll be along pretty soon."

Bannon started toward the door, but turned with a snap of his finger.

"Oh, while we're at it, Pete — you'd better tell Max to get those men to keep time for the night shifts."

"You mean you want him to go on with you in the daytime?"

(Continued on Page 14)

THE
SATURDAY
EVENING
POST
FOUNDED
A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

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The Golden Rule and its Aliases

ALREADY the twentieth century is wonderful, and in nothing is it more surprising than in its disposition to ignore past prejudices and to do something toward realizing the brotherhood of man. Even in the peace treaties and the offering of peace terms in the wars now going on there is a distinct recognition of the moral responsibility of the victors. Still more is this responsibility—differing as it does in kind but being essentially the same—admitted in the business and religious world. The other day in our greatest city we beheld the spectacle of an Oriental—a follower of Confucius—quoting the Golden Rule to an audience assembled under the name of a Hebrew philanthropy in a Baptist church, and mingling pleasantly together and speaking from the same pulpit were Mongolian, Jew and Gentile, a most interesting indication of how things are drifting in our broadening times.

It is in its simplicity that the Golden Rule is strong. Even in its negative form—Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you—it has been useful to the followers of Confucius. In its positive form—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—it has been one of the greatest things in Christian power and civilization. It is a little strange, however, that although the words, which a mere child can easily understand, have come down to us through the centuries, our modern prophets and doers of good have been disposed to rush to polysyllables.

It would be hard to ascertain how many really useful movements and how much excellent intention have been defeated or discouraged by big words. In their efforts to escape from the word charity the coiners of phrases have got beyond the average mortal. They have tried philanthropy until it means anything from a cheese sandwich to a million dollars; benevolence until it stretches from an old suit of clothes for a poor missionary to a stone church with a marble altar; and for some years now we have had altruism.

In the same city on the same day there was another meeting. It was comprised of men at the head of railroads, factories and corporations. The manager of a great dairy told how by establishing schools and club houses and making the employees happy, and thus keeping them clean and efficient, the milk commanded ten cents a quart when the usual wholesale price of milk was two cents a quart. The president of a big establishment in Ohio told how the employees were given complete changes of clean clothing for use in the factory each day, and were furnished with free hot dishes in the lunch room. The managers of three iron and steel companies told how they had invested money for the comfort, safety and interest of their employees, and how the results had paid handsomely in better work, in more cheerful service and in the profits of the year.

In the newspaper headlines all this was called "The Real Altruism." It is another illustration of the need of a new word to describe just such work. In its essence it is the Golden Rule, but altruism seems a heavy mortgage on the seventeen simple words of Scripture. The consolation of course is that, whatever its name, it represents a movement that is bringing employer and employee closer together to the benefit of both.

* * *

Doubt is strong in argument but faith does the work.

The Paper Wealth that Perishes

FROM the point of view of national wealth the panic in Wall Street did no particular harm. The other day, or rather the other week, for it took that long to finish the job, bonds of the Carnegie Company to the amount of $150,000,000 were burned, but the country was no poorer for the loss. What was destroyed was simply a bundle of paper. The mills and ships and mines that the paper represented were still there.

And so in Wall Street, the wealth that went down in the panic was all paper wealth. In the aggregate the country was no poorer than it had been before.

But when we look at details instead of at general results the situation is not quite so satisfactory. The financial papers here and in England congratulate themselves upon the fact that the position of the market was strengthened by the transfer of securities from weak to strong hands. That is the euphemistic way of saying that thousands of little accumulations were swept away to increase a few great fortunes—that thousands of families of small means were reduced to beggary to make a few rich men richer.

Of course, it was extremely silly for the little people to risk all they had in speculation. Their chances would have been better at Monte Carlo. But still it is a good thing for the country to have wealth widely distributed. The idea of the financial journals that it is desirable to have securities concentrated "in strong hands"—that is to say, locked up in the safe deposit vaults of a dozen overgrown [illegible]—may be in accordance with Wall Street traditions, but it does not agree with sound economics or with public policy.

The ideal situation from the point of view of the national interests is that which was illustrated by the Burlington road. This company had about fifteen thousand stockholders and the average holding was seventy five shares. Here were fifteen thousand people who had an interest in the orderly development of the public resources—in business, industrial progress and sound finance. If every railroad and every industrial corporation were in a similar position, imagine the effect upon the national stability.

When all the small stockholders are frozen out, either by the unscrupulous manipulation of others or by rash speculation on their own part, and the ownership of all the great corporations is concentrated in a few "strong hands," this strength may turn out to be the hollowest sort of weakness.

* * *

Perhaps after the good people get rich enough they will spare a few hours for the politics of their country.

Ideals for Country Landlords

A REVOLUTION in hotel building and hotel keeping has occurred within thirty years. It is a result of increasing wealth and improving taste, of lengthening leisure and facility of transportation. Hundreds of vacation resorts have become popular for no better reason than that they had proper accommodations for the public. Americans take more kindly to hotel life than do any other people. This is partly because of the national restlessness, partly because of high rents in our towns, partly through despair of securing reliable domestic service, partly because of the exceeding development of the social instinct, and partly because of a liking for the excitement of congregate life.

Yet there are times when the frequenter of the great caravansaries would, for a little, step out from the glare and bustle and take his ease in the old way, in some place where there would be no crowd, no obsequious servants, no extravagance in dress, no gilded furniture, no vast parlors filled with gossips, no office encumbered with bags and trunks and choking with cigar smoke, no gaudy bar, no arc lights, no clanking steam pipes or gassy furnaces, no dining-room where one is supposed to eat in state, and, at the whim of a terrifying head waiter, to be company for people one does not care for; and especially where the bill at the end of a week would not take away one's income or his breath. There is, in fact, a chance, especially at our summer resorts, for a new innkeeper, who shall be the old innkeeper in a modern and friendly guise.

Let us instance the kind of hostelry he will keep. It will not stand on the main street nor near a railroad station, people with guns and other dangerous and disturbing devices will not be urged to stay after their week is up; bells and gongs will not be used; there will be no trunks in the halls; there will not be many euchre parties to keep guests out of their beds in the hours when they would prefer to sleep; the kitchen, laundry and other attachments will be in a building by themselves, so that odors, steam and the noises incident to their business will not be visited upon the guests; there will be no radiators, but, instead, a fireplace in the hall where great logs will send out the cheeriest light.

Then there will be no stable beside the house, no telephone, telegraph or ticker in the office, though such will be found near. There will be a library of well-chosen books, and some sheets of good music on a piano, which, wondrous to relate, will be kept in tune! There will, of course, be scrupulous cleanliness, hence there will be no carpets, but rugs instead, which may be removed and shaken every day, and there will be beds that are not only beyond suspicion, but beyond reproach.

In short, the ideal inn—for many people—is the exact reverse of the "swell" hotel. It is cozy, homelike, quiet and comfortable. The usual hotel is for publicity. The ideal inn is a haven of privacy and rest.

* * *

Speaking of Aguinaldo's future, will some one please try to recall the name of the President of the Cuban Republic? When Uncle Sam takes hold the other fellows are soon forgotten. He is boss.

Our Inland Seaports of the Future

THE great commercial problem of the future, infinitely more important than that of the Isthmian canal, is how to bring the interior of the North American continent into communication with the sea.

If it were not for her position as "Our Lady of the Snows," which she bitterly resents and from which she cannot escape, Canada could settle that problem offhand. She has every natural advantage except one. There is no more fascinating occupation than to study a map of the continent and see how Nature seems to have exerted herself to lay out Canadian routes from the interior to the ocean. Hudson's Bay carries salt water into the heart of the continent. In that direction Minnesota is only five hundred miles from the sea against a thousand by any other way. The Northwestern plains are seamed with navigable rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. By the St. Lawrence route Canada can bid for the commerce of the Lakes, and the waterway laid out by Nature from Georgian Bay to Montreal cuts off the detour by Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, and gives her almost an air-line connection between Duluth and tidewater.

But all these advantages are neutralized by the impassable obstacle of climate. The Hudson's Bay route is hopeless. The St. Lawrence route is locked for half the year, and is so full of dangers the other half that the underwriters are compelled in self defense to subject it to an almost prohibitive tax. Notwithstanding the apathy of the American Government, it looks as if climate would force commerce into American channels.

The first important step toward the creation of seaports in the interior of the continent will doubtless be the construction of a ship canal across the State of New York. Such a canal would command at the start a greater commerce than the Suez and Nicaragua routes combined. Its immediate effect would probably be to make Chicago the greatest seaport in the United States. But the development of water routes to the interior will not stop there. The Mississippi, now almost deserted, is itself a natural ship canal. To develop it so that ocean steamers can navigate it to St. Paul is merely a question of money. That may be a long time coming, but it will come some day.

* * *

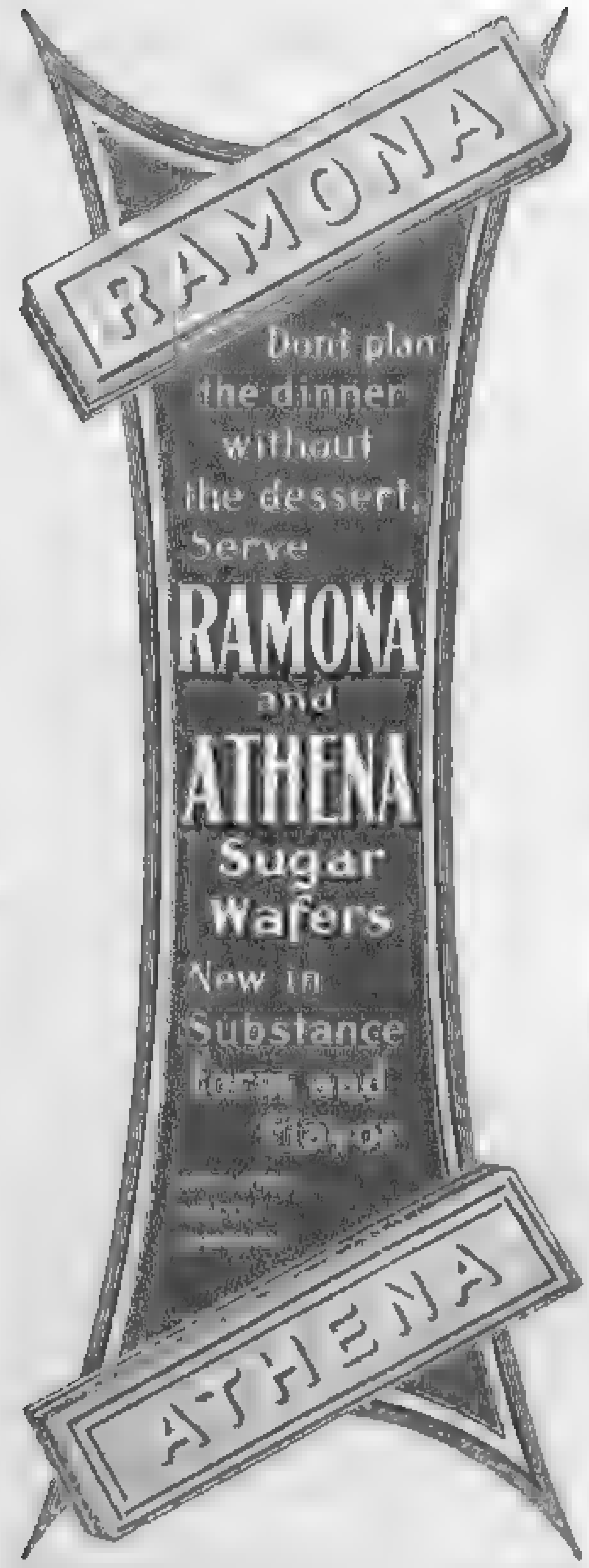
It doesn't do much good to get mad after the conductor has punched the ticket.

The Bicycle as a Street-Cleaner

ALMOST everything that it is possible to say about "what the bicycle has done" would seem to have been said, but there is a point of view which has not been sufficiently emphasized. And as it is one which appeals even more to those who do not ride than to those who do, to those who revile bicycles in general and in particular, a few words on the subject may not be amiss. They may help soften the revilings of these people, and to those who believe in the wheel they may give it a new attribute. This point of view is one which regards the bicycle as a street-cleaner—not a gatherer of mud, or a maker of good roads, but a moral street-cleaner. If any one will send his mind back some six or eight years and recall the city streets on summer evenings, and go down town some evening now and notice the difference, he will get the point.

Formerly the main thoroughfares and all the street corners were occupied by a [illegible] of boys and girls from twelve to twenty years old, who [illegible] in a most unseemly fashion—lolling [illegible] "guying," nudging and hugging, promenading with arms about each other and doing and saying all the rest of the things so indicative of lower and [illegible] thought. Many of the short streets where there was music of some sort or other were positively blocked by these unpleasant young persons.

Now all is quite different. There will always be, of course, a certain amount of this sort of thing, but the improvement is very noticeable, and it is distinctly due to the bicycle. This is made evident to any observer who goes into the parks or the outlying asphalted streets where one now sees these same young persons on wheels. But some one will say, "are they not acting in the same fashion there?" No, distinctly not to any noticeable extent. The exhilaration of fresh air and exercise and the necessary attention to the wheel [illegible] remove the desire and the opportunity for unpleasant familiarity, and youth disports itself in a decent manner. Let any one observe, and think of this for a little, and another honor must be added to the bicycle.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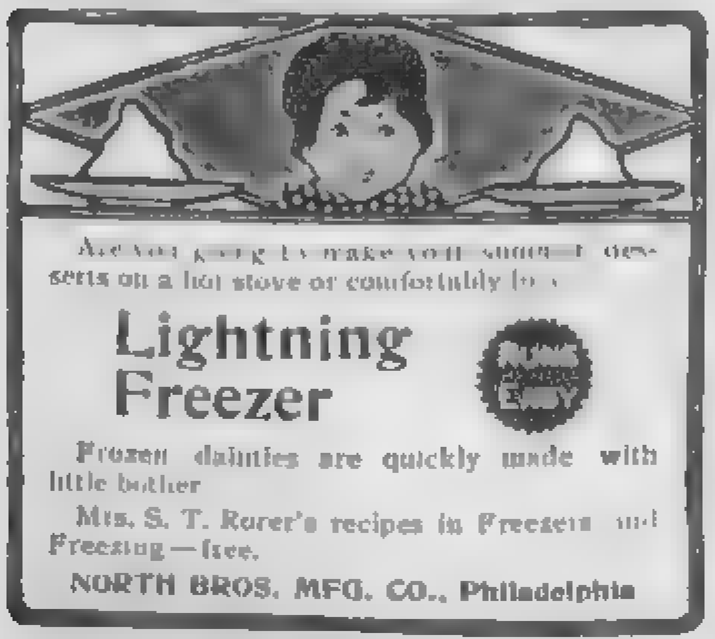
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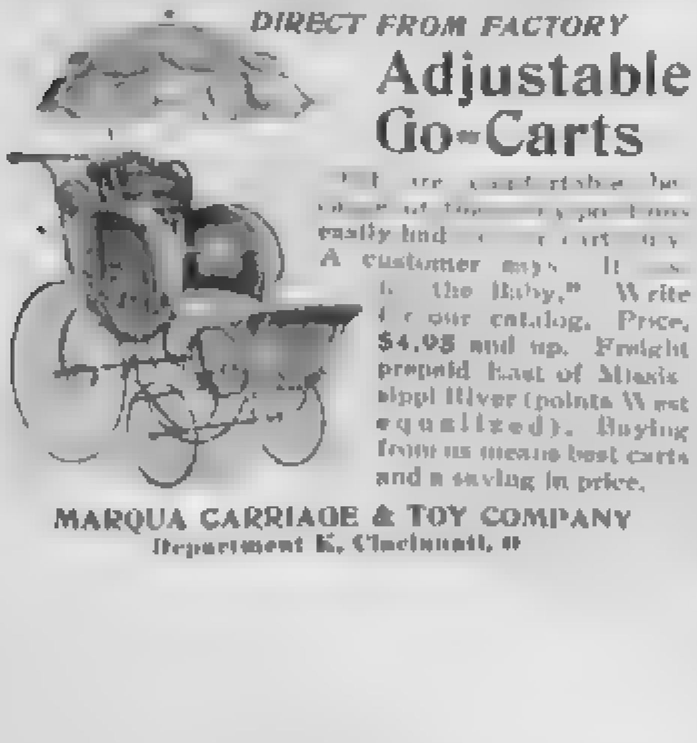
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Men & Women of the Hour

Mosby's Militant Churchmen

Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate ranger whose command was for years a menace to the Northern armies, was in the East recently, and one of his friends was reminded of a characteristic story concerning the famous fighter.

Colonel Mosby recruited his command in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. His troopers were all young men and desperate fighters. Their record was one that filled with pride the heart of every Virginian, and to this day monuments are building in various parts of the State dedicated to the valor of Mosby's rangers, or "Mosby's guerillas" as the Northerners called them.

In view of the fierce warfare that was waged while hostilities were on, it was a great surprise to Colonel Mosby's neighbors when he came out, after peace was declared, as a Republican, and cast his vote for General Grant as President. In the case of any other man this would have meant social ostracism in Virginia, but so firmly had Colonel Mosby intrenched himself in the hearts of his fellow-citizens that even his change in politics did not affect their esteem.

Shortly after General Grant's election the former ranger chief was sent as consul to Hongkong. Here he remained a great many years. On his return to America he settled in San Francisco where he is now practicing law. After a lengthy absence he visited his old home in the Shenandoah Valley and was heartily greeted by all his former friends and neighbors. Naturally, his greatest interest centred in the members of his old command and he made it his business to hunt up as many of them as he could trace.

The first one whom he found lived in a little parsonage just out of Charlestown. The former trooper had experienced religion and embraced the ministry. Pursuing his inquiries, Colonel Mosby found another of his troopers. To his astonishment he, too, [illegible] serving in the Lord's vineyard. The Colonel was surprised, but he didn't say anything. The next one whom he found was running a grocery store. But the fourth man was a preacher also, and so were the fifth and sixth and seventh. It appeared, in fact, that a perfect epidemic of religion had swept over the old command, and that nearly fifty per cent. of those who remained alive had taken to preaching the gospel.

The Colonel, who is himself a religious man, was very much gratified at this exhibition, and, coming upon a group of the ex-troopers, all in ministerial garb, he complimented them most heartily, adding:

"Well, boys, if you fight the Devil like you fought the Yankees, there will be something to record on Judgment Day."

Why He Stopped Making Matches

Mr. Henry Merwin Shrady is the sculptor who fashioned the eight moose and eight buffalo that ornament the entrance gates to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo; yet so it is said, he has never taken an art lesson in his life, and, three years ago, was engaged in the business of making matches.

Mr. Shrady is a young man, having only passed his twenty-eighth birthday. He is a son of Dr. George F. Shrady, the New York physician who attended General Grant in his last illness. He is brother-in-law to Mr. Edwin Gould, the second son of the late Jay Gould.

After graduating from college he associated himself with his brother-in-law in the match business, but his heart was not in the work.

In due course young Shrady married a charming girl and they settled down to housekeeping, and an important member of the household was an intelligent black and tan dog. One evening, about four years ago, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Shrady that he would like to have a portrait of the dog and, moreover, that he would like to paint the portrait himself. He had never, it is said, painted anything before in his life and didn't even know how to mix colors, but a little thing like that didn't seem to bother him.

He had to destroy several attempts, but finally there grew up under his brush a good likeness of the family pet. When it was finished young Mrs. Shrady was quite convinced that she had a genius for a husband.

Full of the courage of her convictions she took the picture, unknown to her husband, to the committee which was arranging the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The committee accepted the picture and it was hung. On the second night of the exhibition it was sold to an unknown purchaser.

Mr. Shrady began on another canvas, and this time painted a pair of kittens. They were finished in time for the next exhibition, and again there was a purchaser. A few days after the exhibition closed Mr. Gould called at his father-in-law's house and said: "I wish you'd come around and look at an unsigned picture I bought the other day."

"Harry," too, went around to his brother-in-law's and admired his own picture. Young Mrs. Shrady, however, thought the secret too good to keep, and proudly told it.

Young Mr. Shrady went ahead with his business duties as before, but determined to give more time to art, and so rigged up for himself a little studio in his home. It occurred to him that he could probably get a better conception of light and shade effects if he modeled his subjects before painting them. He had never before modeled anything, except mud pies as a boy, but he felt that it was in him and so he invested in some clay. In due course of time he produced an artillery group, known as Going into Action. When it was done he did not take the precaution to keep it covered with a wet cloth. The result was that when he was ready to show it all the figures were full of cracks. In spite of this, however, it was apparent that it was a striking piece of work, considering that the man who executed it had never done anything of the kind before. Finally some one showed it to a prominent art dealer, and he said that if it were repaired with fresh clay he would accept it for reproduction in bronze.

That ended the match business. The young man threw himself heart and soul into his new work. He took naturally to military subjects. One of his groups was entitled Saving the Colors.

Doctor Shrady purchased the first bronze replica of Saving the Colors and had it sent to his home. It arrived during the absence of his wife and was set up in the hall before her return. It was the first thing that attracted her attention when she came in, and she said:

"That is a beautiful piece of work. Where did you get it?"

"Do you like it?"

"Very much indeed. Who's the sculptor?"

"A man named Shrady."

"Shrady?"

"Yes, Henry Merwin Shrady."

"You don't mean our Harry."

"That's whom I mean," said the doctor.

Madame Melba's Visitors

It is the privilege of a great singer to have strict rules which her friends break at the risk of her displeasure.

Madame Nellie Melba is considered among artists and audience as a most amiable woman; one not given to the absurdities that are indulged in by many great artists. She and Miss Ellen Terry are entirely normal. They do not impose many penalties upon the public because of too high a value they place upon themselves.

Madame Melba enjoys meeting her friends in the most simple way. She does not hedge herself about with guards to keep people from her. When she sings in Philadelphia, for instance, she visits a friend instead of staying at a hotel, and it is at her suggestion that several women drop in in the evening to play seven-handed euchre with her. She and her hostess are both fond of this game, and in it Madame Melba is an expert, having luck and skill both on her side.

Therefore a recent injunction of hers is of much interest. In Paris she met an American millionaire who is on the shady side of fifty and has great charm of manner and a good sense of humor. He asked Madame Melba for the privilege of bringing to see her one or two Philadelphia friends, who were staying in Paris. She turned and said very earnestly:

"Now, Mr. C——, do you really want to be a good friend of mine? If you do, I want you to keep absolutely these rules that I have given to my best friends, to be observed during my stay here. If you will promise, I can trust you and then you can bring any one whom you wish, who accords with these rules. Remember them well or write them down.

"I don't want to meet any young man. I don't want to meet any poor man. I don't want to meet any stupid man. I don't want to meet many women; and I don't want to meet any who are not lovely, and well dressed, and brilliant."

This is the way grandmother did her cooking!
When mother went into housekeeping she had trials something like this!
We do our cooking on a
Detroit Jewel Gas Range
and get perfect cooking with absolute comfort. It saves time, saves [illegible], saves health. No soot, no smoke, no ashes. It has reduced the worry of housekeeping to the [illegible]
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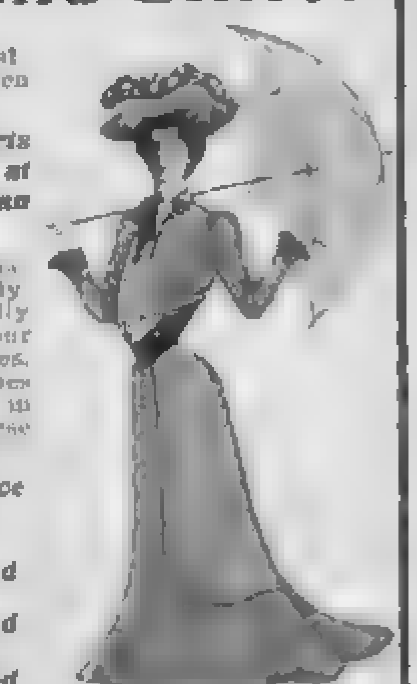

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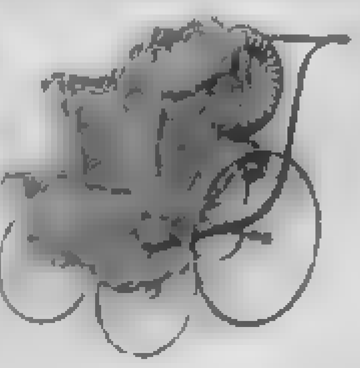

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Calumet "K" — A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"That's just as he likes. But I guess he'll want to be around while his sister is here You see about that after lunch, will you?"

Peterson came in while Bannon was eating his dinner and stayed after he had gone. In the evening, when he returned to the house for his supper, after arranging with Peterson to share the first night's work, Bannon found that the foreman's clothes and grip had been taken from the room. On the stairs he met the landlady, and asked her if Mr. Peterson had moved

"Yes," she replied; "he took his things away this noon. I'm sorry he's gone, for he was a good young man. He never give me any trouble like some of the men do that's been here. The trouble with most of them is that they get drunk on pay days and come home simply disgusting."

Bannon passed on without comment During the evening he saw Peterson on the distributing floor, helping the man from the electric light company rig up a new arc light His expression when he caught sight of Bannon, sullen and defiant, yet showing a great effort to appear natural, was the only explanation needed of how matters stood between them

It took a few days to get the new system to running smoothly—new carpenters and laborers had to be taken on, and new foremen worked into their duties—but it proved to be less difficult than Max and Hilda had supposed from what Peterson had [illegible] the conduct of the work. The men all worked better than before; each new move of Bannon's seemed to infuse more vigor and energy into the work; and the cupola and annex began rapidly, as Max said, "to look like something." Bannon was on hand all day, and frequently during a large part of the night He had a way of appearing at any hour to look at the work and keep it moving. Max, after hearing the day men repeat what the night men had to tell of the boss and his work, said to his sister: "Honest, Hilda, I don't see how he does it. I don't believe he ever takes his clothes off"

NINTH CHAPTER

THE direct result of the episode with the carpenter, Reilly, was insignificant. He did not attempt to make good his boast that he would be back at work next day, and when he did appear, on Wednesday of the next week, his bleared eyes and dilapidated air made the reason plain enough. A business agent of his union was with him; Bannon found them in the office

He nodded to the delegate. "Sit down" he said. Then he turned to Reilly. "I don't ask you to do the same. You're not wanted on the premises. I told you once before that I was through talking"

Reilly started to reply, but his companion checked him. "That's all right," he said "I know your side of it. Wait for me up by the car line."

When Reilly had gone Bannon repeated his invitation to sit down

"You probably know why I've come," the delegate began. "Mr. Reilly has charged you with treating him unjustly and with drawing a revolver on him Of course, in a case like this we try to get at both sides before we take any action. Would you give me your account of it?"

Bannon told in twenty words just how it had happened. The agent said cautiously: "Reilly told another story."

"I suppose so. Now, I don't ask you to take my word against his. If you'd like to investigate the business, I'll give you all the opportunity you want."

"If we find that he did drop the hammer by accident, would you be willing to take him back?"

Bannon smiled "There's no use in my telling you what I'll do till you tell me what you want me to do, is there?"

Bannon held out his hand when the man arose to go

"Any time you think there's something wrong out here, or anything you don't understand, come out and we'll talk it over. I treat a man as well as I can, if he's square with me."

He walked to the door with the agent and closed it after him. As he turned back to the drafting table he found Hilda's eyes on him

"They're very clean chaps, mostly, those walking delegates," he said. "If you treat 'em half as well as you'd treat a yellow dog, they're likely to be very reasonable. If one of 'em does happen to be a rascal, though, he's meaner to handle than frozen dynamite. I expect to be white-headed before I'm through with that man Grady."

"Is he a rascal?" she asked.

"He's as bad as you find 'em. Even if he'd been handled right——"

Bannon broke off abruptly and began turning over the blue-prints. "Suppose I'd better see how this next story looks," he said Hilda had heard how Pete had dealt with Grady at their first meeting, and she could complete the broken sentence

Bannon never heard whether the agent from the carpenters' union had looked further into Reilly's case, but he was not asked to take him back on the pay-roll. But that was not the end of the incident. Coming out on the distributing floor just before noon on Thursday he found Grady in the act of delivering an impassioned oration to the group of laborers about the hoist. Before Grady saw him Bannon had come near enough to hear something about being "driven at the point of a pistol."

The speech came suddenly to an end when Grady, following the glances of his auditors, turned and saw who was coming. Bannon noted with satisfaction the scared look of [illegible] which he turned, for a second, toward the men. It was good to know that Grady was something of a coward

Bannon nodded to him pleasantly enough "How are you, Grady?" he said

Seeing that he stood in no danger, the delegate threw back his shoulders, held up his head, and, frowning in an important manner, returned Bannon's greeting with the scantest civility

Bannon walked up and stood beside him. "If you can spare the time," he said politely, "I'd like to see you at the office for a while."

Convinced now that Bannon was doing everything in his power to conciliate him, Grady grew more important. "Very well," he said; "when I've got through up here ye can see me if ye like."

"All right," said Bannon patiently "no hurry"

During the full torrent of Grady's eloquence the work had not actually been interrupted. The big boom bearing its load of timber swept in over the distributing floor with unbroken regularity; but the men had worked with only half their minds and had given as close attention as they dared to the delegate's fervid utterances. But from the moment Bannon appeared there had been a marked change in the attitude of the little audience; they steered the hoist and canted the timbers about with a sudden enthusiasm which made Bannon smile a little as he stood watching them

Grady could not pump up a word to say He cleared his throat loudly once or twice, but the men ignored him utterly. He kept casting his shifty little sidewise glances at the boss wondering why he didn't go away, but Bannon continued to stand there, giving an occasional direction, and watching the progress of the work with much satisfaction The little delegate shifted his weight from one foot to the other and cleared his throat again. Then he saw that two or three of the men were grinning. That was too much.

"Well, I'll go with you," he snapped.

Bannon could not be sure how much of an impression Grady's big words and his ridiculous assumption of importance had made upon the men, but he determined to counteract it as thoroughly as possible, then and there. It was a sort of gallery play that he had decided on, but he felt sure it would prove effective

Grady turned to go down as he had come up, by the ladders, but Bannon caught him by the shoulder, saying with a laugh: "Oh, don't waste your time walking. Take the elevator." His tone was friendly but his grip was like a man-trap, and he was propelling Grady straight toward the edge of the building. Four big timbers had just come up and Bannon caught the released rope as it came trailing by. "Here," he said; "put your foot in the hook and hang on, and you'll come down in no time."

Grady laughed nervously "No, you don't. I suppose you'd be glad to get rid of me that way. You don't come that on me"

The men were watching with interest, Bannon raised his voice a little. "All right," he said, thrusting his foot into the great hook, "if you feel that way about it. We'll have a regular passenger elevator in here by and by, with an electric bell and sliding door, for the capitalist crowd that are going to own the place. But we workingmen get along all right on this. Swing off, boys."

He waited for Grady down below. It mattered very little to him now whether the

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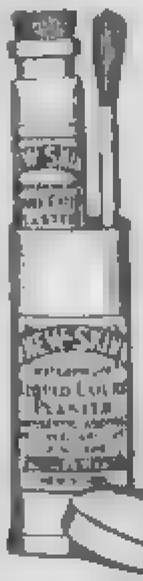

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walking delegate chose to follow him down the hoist or to walk down on the ladders, for every one had seen that Grady was afraid Bannon had seen all the men grinning broadly as he began his descent, and that was all he wanted

Evidently Grady's fear of the rope was less than his dread of the ridicule of the men, for Bannon saw him preparing to come down after the next load. He took a long time getting ready, but at last they started him. He was the color of a handful of waste when he reached the ground and he staggered as he walked with Bannon over to the office. He dropped into a chair and rubbed his forehead with his coat-sleeve

"Well," said Bannon, "do you like the look of things? I hope you didn't find anything out of the way?"

"Do you dare ask me that?" Grady began. His voice was weak at first, but as his giddiness passed away it rose again to its own inimitable oratorical level. "Do you dare pretend that you are treating these men right? Who gave you the right to decide that this man shall live and that man shall die, and that this poor fellow who asks no more than to be allowed to earn his honest living with his honest sweat shall be stricken down with two broken ribs?"

"I don't know," said Bannon. "You're speaking of the hoist accident, I suppose Well, go and ask that man if he has any complaint to make. If he has, come and let me know about it."

They call this a free country, and yet you oppressors can compel men to risk their lives

Have you any change to suggest in the way that hoist is rigged?" Bannon cut in quietly "You've been inspecting it. What did you think was unsafe about it?"

Grady was getting ready for his next outburst but Bannon prevented him. "There ain't many jobs, if you leave out tacking down carpets, where a man don't risk his life more or less. MacBride don't compel men to risk their lives: he pays 'em for doing it, and you can bet he's done it himself. We don't like it, but it's necessary. Now, if you saw men out there taking risks you think are unnecessary, say so, and we'll talk it over

"There's another thing you've got to answer for Mr Bannon. These are free men that are giving their honest labor to you You may think you're a slave-driver, but you aren't. You may flourish your revolver in the faces of slaves, but free American citizens will resent it —

"Mr. Grady, the man I drew a gun on was a carpenter. His own union is looking after him. He had thrown a hammer down into a bin where some of your laborers were at work so I acted in their defense

Grady stood up. "I come here to give you warning to-day, Mr. Bannon. There is a watchful eye on you The next time I come it will be not to warn, but to act That's all I've got to say to you now

Bannon, too, was on his feet "Mr. Grady, we try to be fair to our men. It's your business to see that we are fair, so we ought to get on all right together. After this, if the men lodge any complaint with you, come to me; don't go out on the job and make speeches If you're looking for fair play, you'll get it If you're looking for trouble, you'll get it Good morning"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

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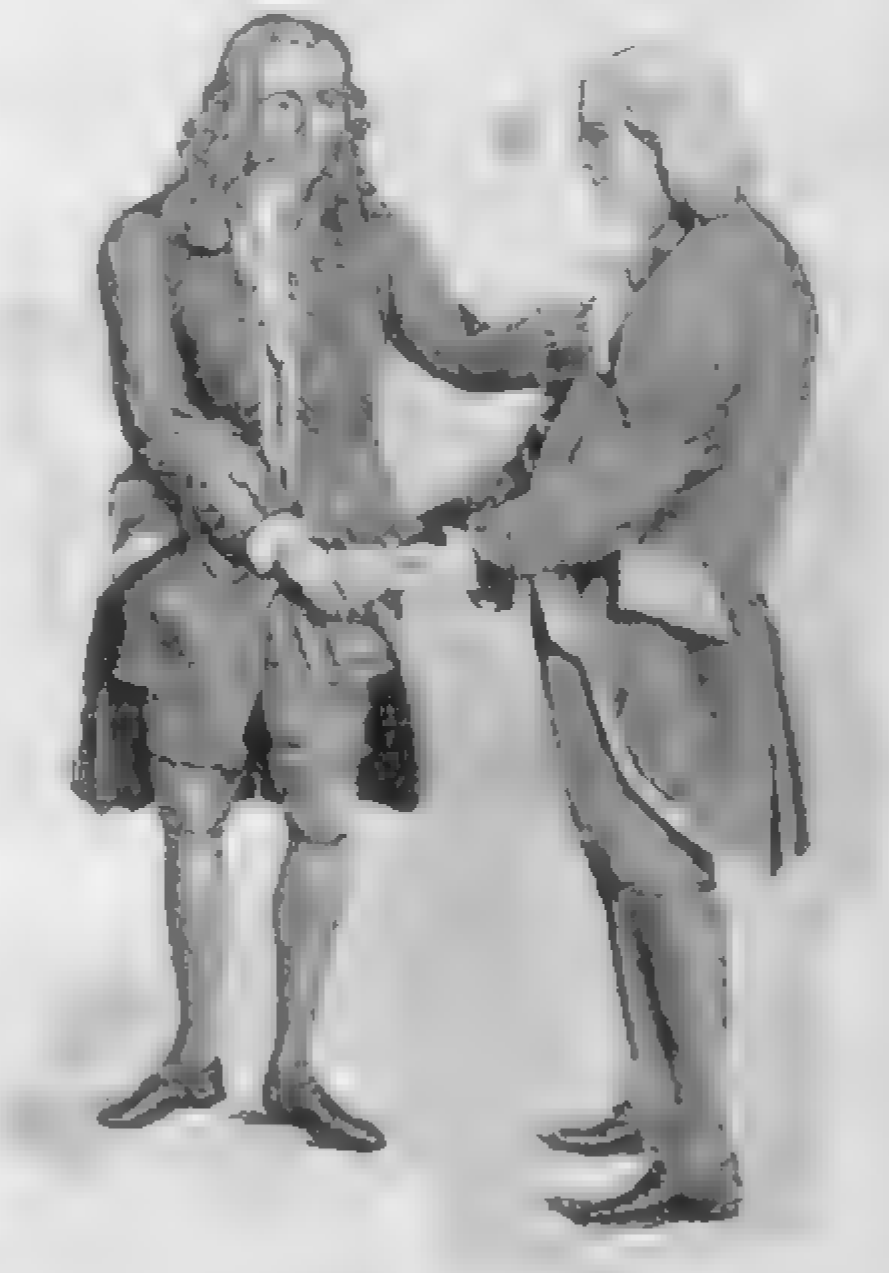

FRANKLIN MEETS VOLTAIRE
April, 1778

The philosopher and the poet embraced and kissed each other's cheeks. The tumult then subsided and the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom: "How charming to see Solon and Sophocles embrace."

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Feeding a Great University

THAT Harvard University is a great institution goes without saying; that much of its greatness is of the immeasurable, indescribable sort that one has to take for granted. One cannot, for instance, measure the collective brain power of the students, or estimate the general muscle in so many horse-power, or the imaginative faculty in such a number of volts. But there is something there, very indicative, too, of the size and strength of the place which can be fairly well estimated — that is, namely, the food consumed, the very "enormity" making it interesting.

The figures below were kindly given to the writer by the auditors and stewards of the two great feeding establishments of Harvard — Memorial Hall and Randall Hall. These two establishments, together, feed something over 2000 students a meal. There are, of course, many smaller clubs and boarding-houses which, combined, feed somewhere between 500 and 1000 students, and which are run by private individuals or concerns. But the great body of men living in Cambridge eat at these two halls, which are under the patronage of the University; and as food, like money, save in each individual's case, is not specially impressive except in vast quantities, these smaller places will not be taken into account.

The Facts and Figures About Memorial Hall

Memorial Hall, much the older and somewhat the larger of the two great feeding places, accommodates 800 men at one time; and by the plan of assigning half as many men again to a table as it will seat at once (this works perfectly well, since the meal hours last an hour and a half), the feeding capacity of the hall is greatly increased. The hall is run by the Harvard Dining Association, a purely coöperative affair, on the "American plan," with an "extra list," orders from which are charged separately on the bills. The Association is composed of all who eat at Memorial Hall, any one connected with the University may join, and it elects, from the student body, a president and directors whose duties consist in seeing that things go smoothly and in engaging the auditor and steward; who in their turn see to the general running of the establishment — hiring servants, paying bills, buying provisions and the like.

The object of the Association is to provide good board cheaply. This is admirably accomplished, for the food as a rule is very good and the price is always in the immediate neighborhood of four dollars a week; sometimes a few cents more, sometimes a few cents less. If the price of board does not go over four dollars a week the steward receives a bonus, called "head money," of two and a half cents from every student, for that week. How carefully and exactly things are managed is shown in a week's board itemized by the auditor as follows, the items being for one student for one week:

Provisions	$ [illegible]
Service	[illegible]
Coal	[illegible]
Water	[illegible]
Gas	[illegible]
Crackers	[illegible]
Interest on loan	[illegible]
Reduction of debt	[illegible]
Repairs	.05
Allowances for Sunday absences	.13
Miscellaneous	06
	$3 91
Head money for steward	02½
	$ [illegible]

But the enormous amount of food consumed is, perhaps, the most impressive and interesting fact connected with this great establishment. The following figures are for one week; only the more important articles being named, of course.

Meat	25,000 pounds
Fish	1,120 pounds
Potatoes	125 bushels
Apples	16 barrels
Coffee	150 pounds
Eggs	1,100 dozen
Vegetables	15 barrels
Milk	2,600 gallons
Flour	30 barrels

There is also a savor of sixty bags, as large as barrels, of salt.

The kitchen, which is in the basement (everything used in the hall, except the crackers, is cooked here), is wonderful to behold on account of the size of its ovens, kettles and utensils. For instance, one of the soup kettles has a capacity of 110 gallons, another of 80, another of 60, two of 45 gallons and two of 35. The great roasting oven will contain 94 huge pans and is capable of cooking at one time 1800 pounds of meat. Each day the bakers produce 8400 rolls, 8400 muffins, and 2400 loaves of bread, not to mention 1400 pies, and quantities of other things.

The laundry work, too, is done in the basement, and each day there go forth from it 115 clean tablecloths and 3660 napkins.

Odd Sources of Kitchen Income

It is interesting, as an example of the painstaking manner in which the place is run, that each week about $225 comes back from the sale of bones and grease, and about $30 from the swill. The good broken food is sold every morning, for ten cents a basket, and nets over $100.

Besides this vast amount of food consumed on the regular American plan, there is the "extra" order list, consisting largely of delicacies. During last year enough food was ordered from this list to be charged on the bills, in the aggregate, to the amount of $16,666 85. This same year the regular board charges amounted to $165,323 20, making $181,990 05 in all.

Randall Hall, like Memorial, is a coöperative scheme, and is under the student management of the Randall Hall Association. But it is, unlike Memorial, run entirely on the "European plan." It has been in existence only two years, but has been most successful, and now numbers about 940 members. The dining-hall is a new building, built especially for the purpose, with all modern conveniences, and accommodates about 800 men at a meal.

The object of the Association is to provide a place where the poorer students can live at even less cost than at Memorial and still have good food. The European plan of course makes it possible for a student to eat as simply as he likes and pay in proportion — if he wants only a cup of coffee for breakfast he pays for only that. If he is absent from a meal, of course he does not pay for it. Also the food can be sold somewhat cheaper because the expenses for service are less, as all the waiting at table, and some of the outside serving also, is done by students.

The Average Cost of One Week's Board

The average board here is about $3 50 a week, though a number expend less and a good many spend considerably more. A man can absolutely suit his own taste and pocket. Randall Hall also has an "extra" list from which dainties may be ordered, though they are not charged separately.

Here, too, the totals of food come up in appalling figures:

Meat	5,750 pounds
Fish	840 pounds
Potatoes	90 bushels
Apples	8 barrels
Coffee	75 pounds
Eggs	600 dozen
Vegetables	18 barrels
Milk	900 gallons
Flour	10 barrels

All expenses and returns, all waste and other details, are as carefully looked after here as at Memorial. The kitchen, laundry and other offices are in the basement, and things are run on the same gigantic scope with caldrons containing 100, 80, 55, 45 gallons, and huge ovens and bakeries. At the Randall Hall building, it being so much newer and having more improved devices and conveniences, the work is somewhat easier than in the older hall; and the sight and smell of such huge cooking arrangements is somewhat less disconcerting to the visitor.

Connected with Randall Hall is the Diet Kitchen service, which sends out meals to students confined to their rooms. This is a great thing, for the food is good and the service inexpensive and prompt. But even with all things favorable Cambridge is a rather home-sick place for a sick man.

Just as a tailpiece, it is not unamusing to add a few of these figures together and see what about two-thirds only of the students in Cambridge dispose of in a week:

30,750 pounds of meat
1,700 dozen of eggs
3,500 gallons of milk
215 bushels of potatoes
40 barrels of flour

A fair supply for many a town or small city, this! and it is all consumed in a *week* in *two* rooms!

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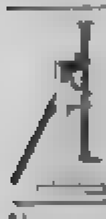
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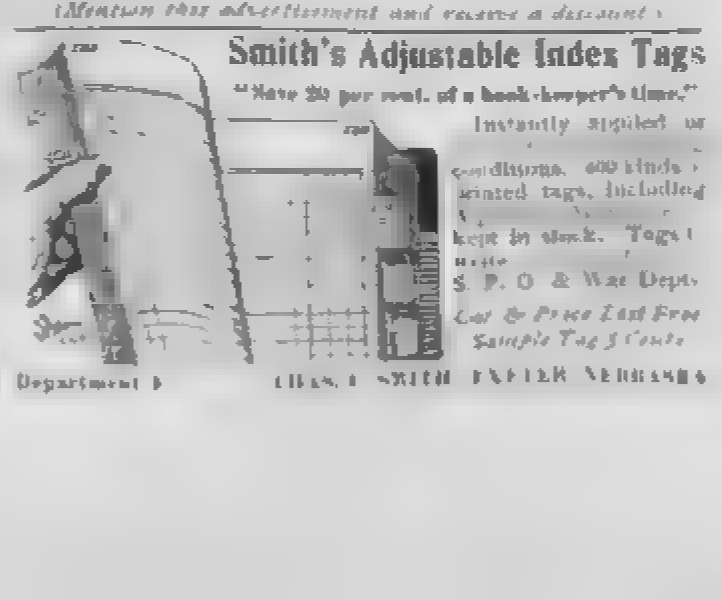
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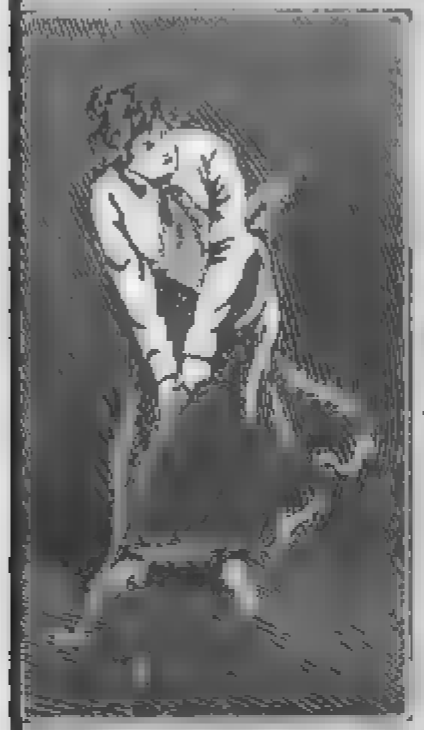

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The place formerly occupied by the late Richard A. Proctor as an expounder of astronomy for the benefit of every-day folks has been taken during recent years by Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, who began his study of this branch of science in a newspaper office.

Most of Mr. Serviss' published astronomical writings have been of an extremely popular kind, but a work from his pen newly issued from the press, entitled The Pleasures of the Telescope *(D. Appleton & Co.)* is in a more ambitious vein, being in effect a handbook of astronomy flavored to a moderate extent with less substantial stuff for entertainment's sake. Mr. Serviss has brought to the study of his subject a keen enthusiasm and a vivid imagination, so that whatever he writes about the stars is sure to afford delightful reading.

Mr. Serviss thinks that, if the pure and elevated pleasure to be derived from the possession of a moderate sized telescope (three, four or five inch aperture) were generally known, no instrument of science would be more commonly found in the homes of intelligent people. His book, which is intended to encourage beginners in the business of star-gazing, presents a series of star maps, which show all of the stars visible to the naked eye in the regions of sky represented as well as a good many that cannot be seen without the aid of a glass. These are accompanied by explanations so clear and complete that the ambitious amateur finds himself provided with a good elementary equipment with which to begin his celestial researches.

The author writes entertainingly of the colors of the stars, some of which are red, some yellow, some blue, some lilac, and some green, though the last of these hues is rarest. Castor and Pollux, in Gemini, are green. In the famous Belt of Orion is a little star which, when seen through a telescope, splits up into eight or ten. One of them is pale gray, another "grape red," a third blue, and a fourth white.

Of course, all of the stars are suns, and presumably most of them have attendant groups of planets. Arcturus — perhaps the mightiest orb within our vision — is believed to be 375,000 times as big as our sun.

It is a comfort to have neighbors, and with "61 Cygni," for example, only 70,000,000,000,000 miles distant, one feels actually inspired with a desire to go visiting. Perhaps we may have a chance some day. Some astronomers think that 61 Cygni is a "double star" — that is, a pair of suns which revolve about one centre of gravity.

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—*René Bache*

Three Balls and a Black Ball

The Arundel Club, of London, has been compelled, for financial reasons, to migrate from its pleasant premises overlooking the Thames Embankment to temporary quarters in an adjacent hotel. This does not mean much to Bohemian London of to-day. But it will stir the memories of nearly every actor, artist or writer who had life — and sometimes fame — in front of him in the seventies. A sort of junior Garrick — for the Garrick under the Thackeray monarchy had become very respectable and expensive — that was the original idea of the Arundel. "*Fay ce que voudra*" was the motto, and the old house in Salisbury Street collected all the hot young blood in London. There was no closing time. From midnight or thereabouts till the dawn of a winter's day the room was crammed with men whose fame has blazed and — peradventure — faded.

Irving and Toole met and chaffed one another there; Clement Scott was a respectful listener; Wills, the dramatist, was a figure; H. J. Byron, with Our Boys still simmering at the back of his brain, fired his jests; and Tom Robertson championed the new drama which is now so surprisingly old.

They were poor in those days — dog poor. Irving tells a story of how they blackballed an unwelcome candidate. The whole club mustered for the defense. But the honorary secretary pointed out politely that, on a strict interpretation of club law, very few of them could vote. They had not paid their dues. Whereupon men whose names have circled the world crept out separately and met at the nearest pawnbrokers. The unwelcome candidate was excluded by the sacrifice of watches and overcoats.

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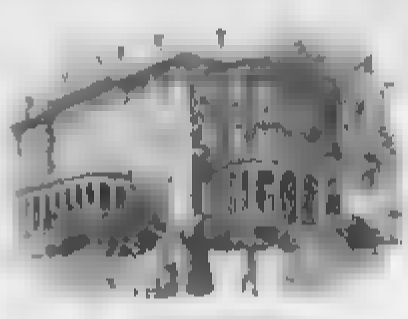

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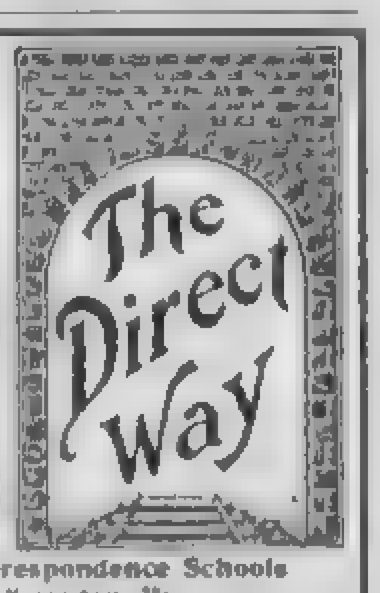

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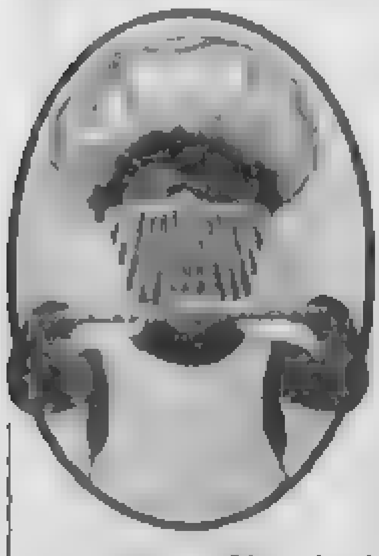

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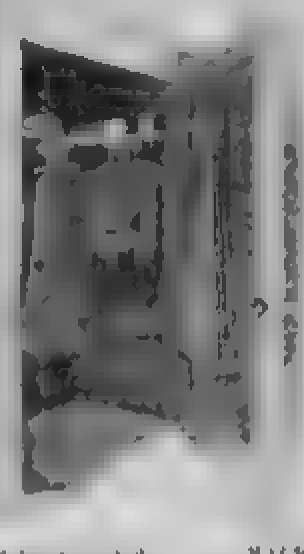

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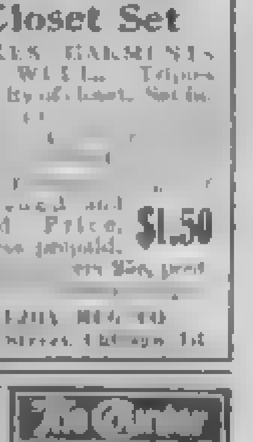

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Common Sense in College Endowments

By D. K. Pearsons

ENDOWMENT is the perennial kernel of college growth. It insures seed time and harvest. Without it, educational institutions would go a begging and spend in asking alms the time and energy that should go into making men. When the strongest man in a college is compelled to put in his time beating the denominational bushes in order to drum up a scanty and precarious support for his institution he can't be doing much heavy thinking or steady work in real educational lines. And, too, the uncertainty of an income gathered in this hand-to-mouth fashion is enough to destroy the usefulness of a college. It taints the whole faculty and force, from president to janitor, with the spirit of unrest, doubt and uncertainty. Continuous effort along one line — the only thing that gets results in these days — is impossible in an atmosphere of this kind. The whole institution is unsettled by the possibility that the sinews of war may be shut off at any moment. Plans for development cannot be made without certainty of income. Salaries become small and uncertain, and there can be no "college spirit" among either teachers or pupils because there is no substantial basis to anything about the institution.

Then the college which exists on the crumbs of denominational alms does not attract students. What good solid young man who has gumption enough to make his way through a college cares to identify himself with one that stands, so to speak, at the public street corner, hat in hand, asking for small coin? That doesn't suit the young American idea, and I'm glad of it. He proposes to associate with a college that has a bank account and a steady income, and which can hold up its head instead of holding out its hand. This means that the stirring young men and women of to-day demand a college which has an endowment — no matter if it be small — for that implies permanency, progress, respectability. The thing, then, for every college to do is to get out and hustle among the millionaires and the well-to-do people of more modest fortune, and get together an endowment. If it can't do this, after a fair trial, it should go out of business.

Should a delegation of wealthy men wait upon me and ask me to boil down in a few sentences the results of my experience in helping to endow more than twenty colleges I should frame my answer something after this fashion:

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Make your gift to a poor college with a good foundation. Select an institution which is located in a sparsely-settled country. If you can't come up to these conditions absolutely, get as near to them as you can, and you will be sure that you have made two of the soundest provisions possible in the way of making every dollar of your gift do the limit of its work.

Next, make your calculations on the basis that a fresh-water college which has three hundred students needs $20,000 a year for expenses. That will not leave any margin for fancy salaries, fads or frills; but, distributed with ordinary business judgment and frugality, it will cover the necessities of plain progressive work of the sort which is being done in a score of colleges which are a little behind in the matter of football, cane rushes and hazing scrapes, but which turn out men that can do their share of the world's hard work.

Thirdly, see to it that the men who handle the finances of the college to which you give endowments are business men, not dreamers; make sure, too, that they are honest and not of the wild-cat order. The only way to accomplish this with anything like reasonable certainty is to meet the men personally, size them up at the start, and follow them up at the finish. This takes time, patience and perseverance, but I know it can be done for I am doing it myself. There is seldom, if ever, a day when I go to my office that I am not met there by anywhere from three to a score of college presidents and representatives. From every one of them I learn something about college work and management. They give me their literature and also their private reports. These I read carefully, but the men themselves are the main subjects of my study. They come from all parts of this country — and some from foreign lands. In this way I have picked my men. Then I have generally made a practice of visiting institutions partially selected for endowment and of looking the ground over with my own eyes.

All this, however, is only in the way of a beginning. To be of real practical value it must be personally followed up as closely as if it were an investment for selfish profit instead of a gift for public benefit.

It is all right for the donor to a college to be shown through the buildings put up by his money, to inspect the students on dress parade, and to listen to flattering eloquence at chapel, but these pleasing appeals to the vanity should not be allowed to hinder him from looking over the books and seeing where and how the money given for an endowment fund has been invested and how the income from it is expended. While it is well to make the acquaintance of the men who are doing the educational work, it is far more important to the man who wishes to give wisely in this field that he shall get close to the men who are handling the moneys of these colleges.

The Matter of College Investments

To make an endowment and tie it up with strings so tight that its usefulness is crippled is not wise. Provisions which just fit the present time may be fetters a decade hence and may seriously embarrass the institution which it is desired to aid. On the other hand, one stipulation should always be insisted upon by the man who makes a gift of the endowment order. He should make a hard-and-fast provision that the interest shall be used for no purpose save that of regular and legitimate current expenses. It should be kept strictly and sacredly as an investment for maintenance purposes.

On the question of how endowment funds should be invested I feel inclined to speak with emphasis, as it is a vital consideration. My experience with a score of colleges goes to show that first mortgages on farms are not only the best kind of security, but that which yields the largest rate of income. In the Western States, where the colleges of the sort in which I am most interested are situated, the rate of interest readily obtained on loans of this character is from six to eight per cent. When the loan is for a greater amount than a third of the value of the farm on which it is secured I begin to inquire why it was placed.

An important point in loaning endowment funds on the farm plan, which I favor, is that of selecting farms as near the college as possible. Many a fund has been dissipated and lost because the security was too far away to be looked after closely. The mere fact that the man or the institution which lends the money is neighbor to the borrower causes the latter to look after his fences more carefully and keep the security in better condition than if the lender were far away. Next to first mortgages on farms I counsel the business managers of colleges to put their endowment funds into bonds or stocks of railroads of the first class. The rate of income, however, is much smaller from this kind of an investment and will not yield more than five per cent. at the outside. Generally speaking, bonds should, of course, take the preference over stocks.

A Revolution in Business Management

Let no man draw the inference, from what I have said by way of precaution, that the average business agent of the modern college is lacking in either ordinary business judgment or honesty. Within recent years there has been almost as radical a revolution in the management of college finances as in the methods of teaching. In former years an alarmingly large number of the men who had the handling of college moneys were visionary and impractical to the last degree when it came to financial affairs. The proof of this is found in the fact that many of the early endowment funds given to the struggling colleges of the West shrunk away and at last entirely vanished. Repeatedly I have found this to be the case, and a careful inquiry into the history of the management of such institutions has generally rooted up either definite facts or well-established traditions to show that the cause of the shrinkage was not in dishonesty, in

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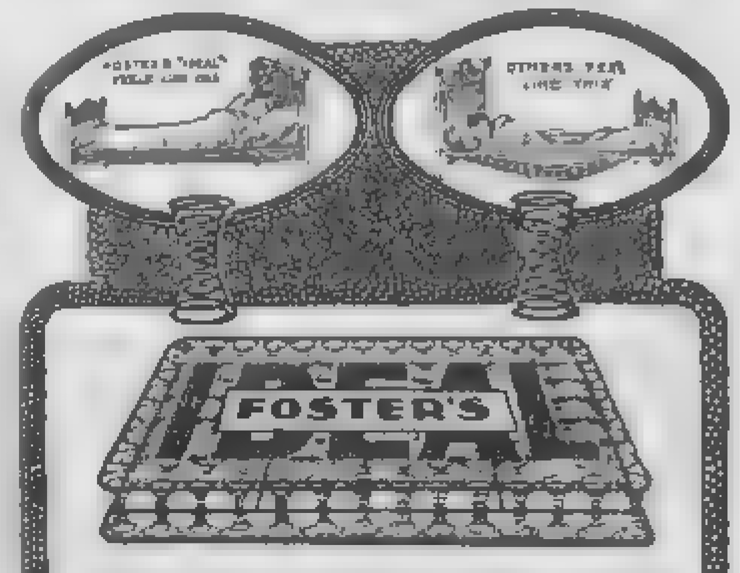

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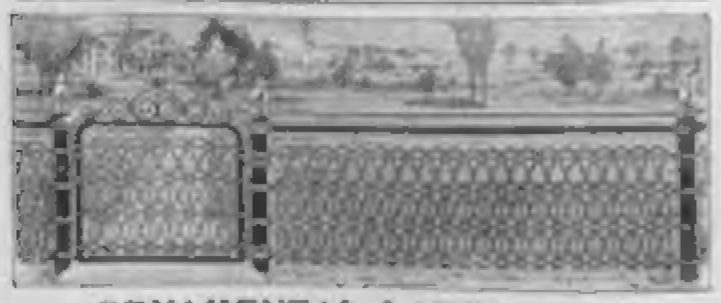

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carelessness, or in anything of a blameworthy character, but was simply the result of a total incapacity for business undertakings.

But I do not wish to imply that the majority of men who administered the monetary interests of the colleges a score and more of years ago were business failures; it is true, however, that this kind of college official was far more numerous then than now. At the present day it is the rule and the expected thing to find college funds under the management of keen, worldly-wise business men.

Scholarships Too Much Like Charity

Success begets success. When a college which has been struggling along for years on an insecure foundation, but which is well situated, receives a good, substantial endowment, it is thereby given an impetus which seldom fails to attract other donors and still more liberal gifts. So often have I seen this occur that I am warranted in stating it as a general rule or principle. But often the full force of such a fresh impulse is lost through the failure of the management of the institution to take advantage of the effect produced on the general public by such a forward movement. For instance, no sooner is there a stir about the new endowments of a college in the minds of the people in its locality than scores of students are attracted to it—young men who would not have thought of attending it before its new era of prosperity.

Many are inclined to endow scholarships, but this plan has not appealed to me in the light of my experience and observation. It comes too close to private charity. The young man who has the right kind of stuff in him and is determined to have a college education is going to get it without the prop of a scholarship. When a good, substantially endowed college is put within reasonable distance of his home, is equipped with first-class teachers, and is suited to his needs in the matter of living expenses and cost of tuition, enough has been done in the way of help. The students should be content to do the rest—and they will be if they are of the right sort to make the most of its advantages.

On the other hand, the students should not be left to do all the hard work. The teachers should do some of it. I have no sympathy with the notion which seems to prevail in some educational institutions that a professor should not do more than two hours' work a day in the class-room and should not teach more than one study. Broadly speaking, there are too many teachers and they do too little work. They should not be afraid to do somewhere near as much work as they demand from their earnest students.

College Spirit that Has the True Ring

Recently I was asked what gift, in the way of a college endowment, has afforded me the most satisfaction. As the answer to this bears directly on the first rule mentioned in this article and also on the advisability of making endowments apply to the benefit of the college instead of to scholarships, I shall answer that question here. Colorado Springs College, in Colorado, and Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington, are the finest examples that are to be found in this country of what may be done with a modest endowment. Each was poor and is located in a sparsely-settled country. When I became interested in them the former had only twenty-eight students and the latter was not much better off in the way of attendance.

But the men who had them in hand were tigers in energy, determination and resource. They had the true educational spirit of the genuine pioneer stripe. Besides that, they had good common-sense and average business ability. To these institutions I gave endowments along the lines which I have defined in this paper. What is the result? Colorado Springs College has now six hundred students and every one of them shows good, sound timber. They come from the hardy mountain stock of that region and not one of them is crying for the pap of private scholarship. All they ask is the chance to go to that college—and some of them tramp two hundred miles and more, and pack their duds on their backs at that! They turn out men at that college! Whitman has three hundred students of the same sort of stuff. There isn't another college within four hundred miles of that institution. It is a case of "Whitman or nothing" with the young men and women who gather there from the mountains and plains of Washington, Idaho and Montana. They have a "college spirit" out there that has the true ring.

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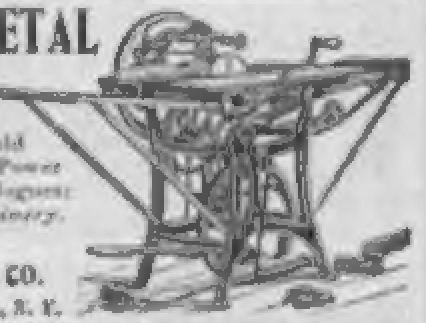

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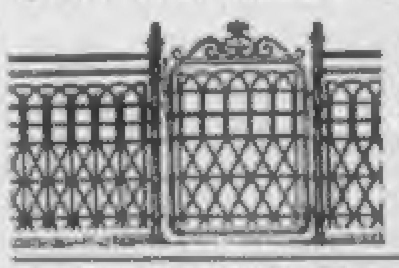

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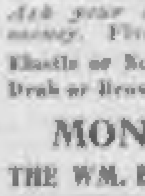

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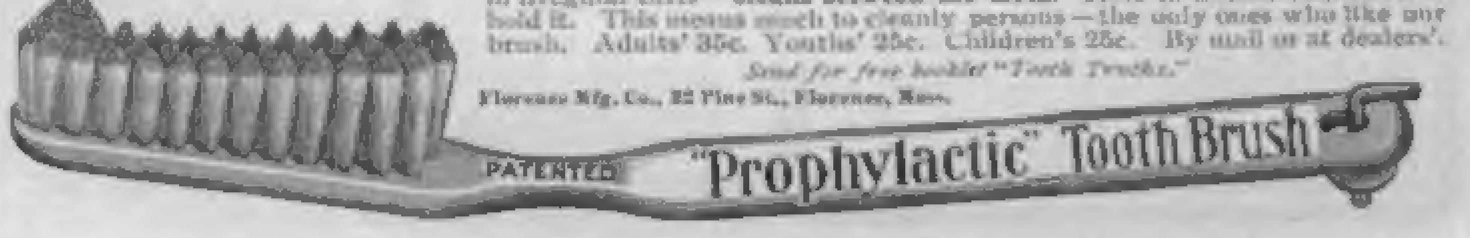

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"Kicker" Lang

A Harvard Story By C. M. Flandrau

(Continued from Page 5)

"I didn't suppose you'd mind——" he faltered.

"Didn't suppose I'd mind—*didn't suppose I'd mind!*" Lang could do no more than repeat the other's inanities with helpless passion. "Will the policeman believe that when I have you arrested—will the judge believe it when he tries you for stealing my money—the money that was going to take my sister South—my sister who's in town sick and probably dying, and who'll have to go home again now? You didn't suppose I'd mind your stealing, stealing—yes, it was *stealing*—my money to pay one of your gambling debts probably; and you sit there and tell me, as if I ought to be glad that you didn't take it all. Well, *I am* glad; what you've been generous enough to leave will enable me to send my sister home again. If you had taken everything, I suppose she could have coughed herself to death in the free ward of some hospital. Oh, no—I don't mind. Do you know how long it's taken me to get that money? I've been collecting it cent by cent almost for three years. It means cold and hunger and work—work, I tell you, that you and all the dissipated, dishonest, nasty little cumberers of the earth who are your friends never dreamed of. I've shoveled snow and sawed wood, and taken care of furnaces and cleaned people's yards, and pressed their clothes and blacked their boots to get that money. I've slaved all day and then often and often sat up all night in a room without a fire to study and make myself necessary to fools and thieves like you. One would think you'd be satisfied with stealing my brains and passing them off for your own—but you've got to sneak in and take my money. I didn't want it for myself," he added passionately. "I hadn't been saving it for myself."

Jimmie leaned forward—his elbow resting on his knee, his chin supported by the palm of his hand—and closed his eyes. Lang was silent and motionless. They sat there a long time. Once Jimmie heard the scratching of a pen and then a sheet of paper torn and retorn and thrown in the fire. At last Lang got up and walked across the room. He took his coat and hat, and had almost reached the door when he wheeled about and threw his bunch of keys on the floor at Jimmie's feet.

"Perhaps you'll find that you need what's left of it, after all," he sneered bitterly.

"Are you going to have me arrested?" Jimmie asked.

"Your father will decide that," answered Lang.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Colors of the Colleges

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Harvard, the University of Wisconsin, Ripon and the University of Kansas yell for the crimson. Williams is one of a quartet which boasts of the purple. Cornell weaves carnelian and white togeher; Brown, brown and white. Five colleges share in their love for the orange.

It is a significant fact that no one has adopted black, though it enters into fourteen combinations. Wesleyan sings of "the glorious red and black," and six other colleges join in the chorus. Dartmouth stands up for the green. Though white, by itself, is the color of only Bowdoin, it is in thirty-two combinations to form college colors. In this respect it comes next to blue. Four (of which one is of course Princeton) defend the orange and black. Union, Swarthmore and Bates have chosen garnet. Five colleges claim the purple and gold.

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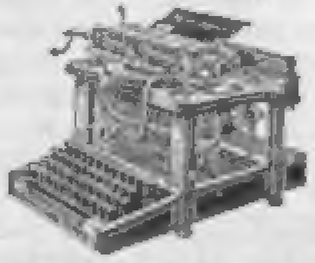

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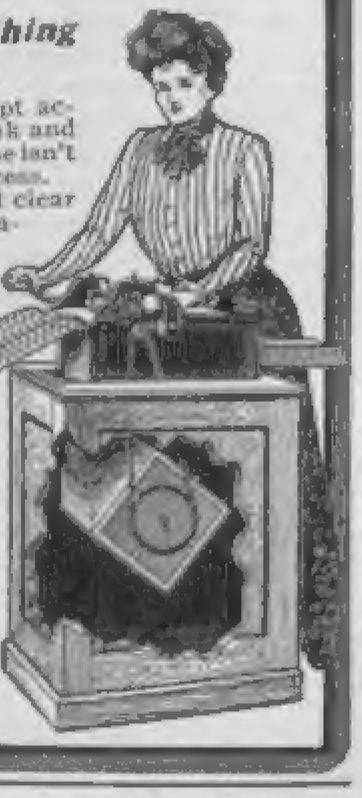

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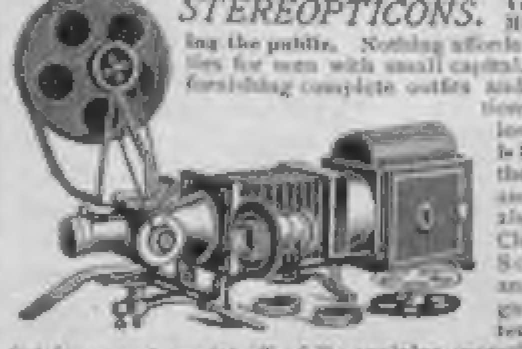

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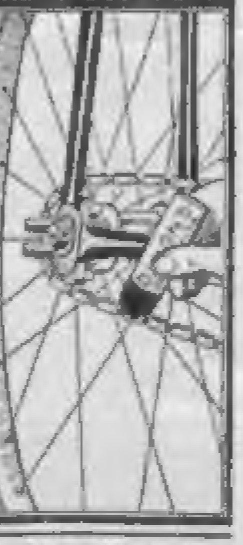

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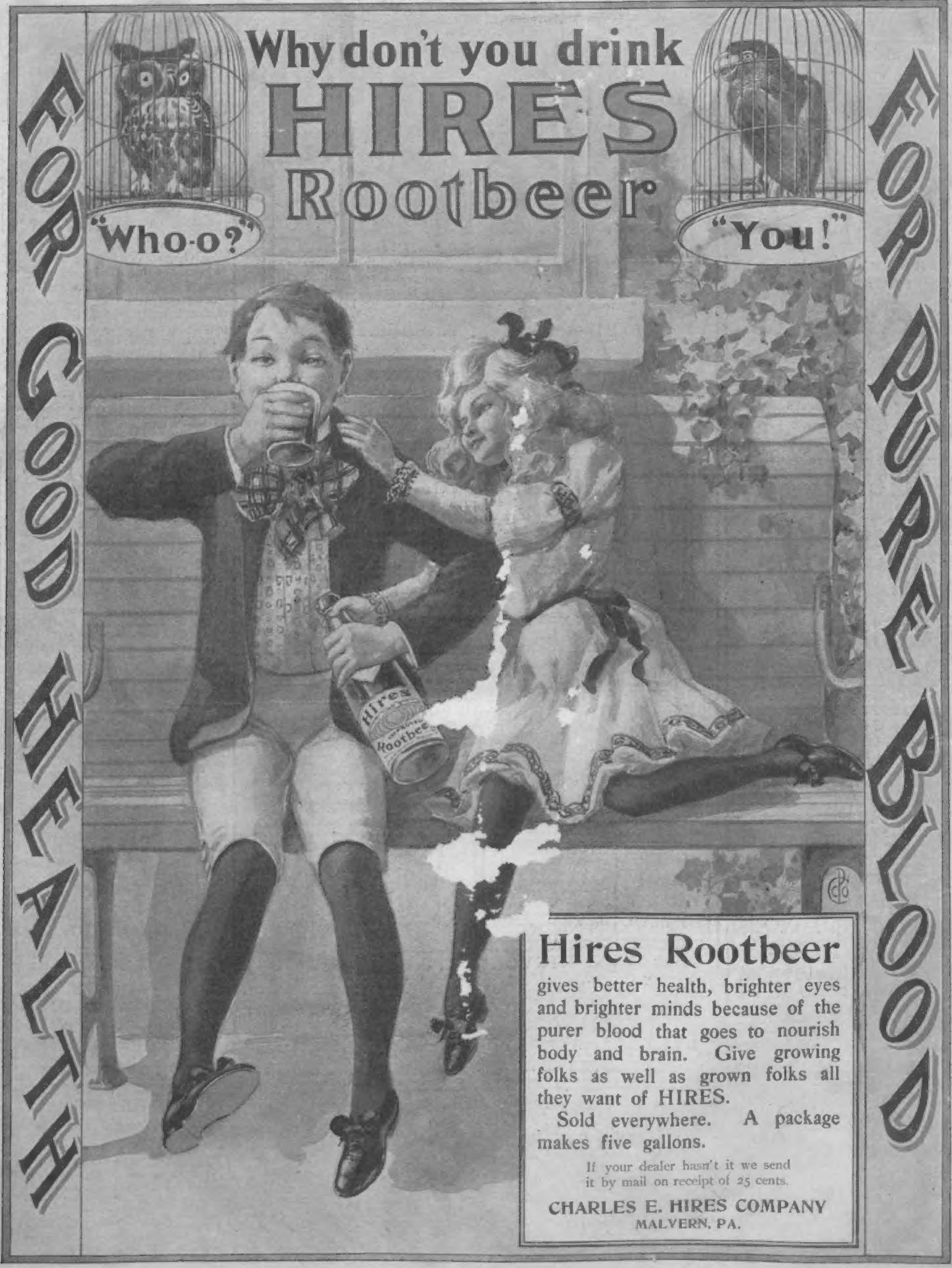
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